

SEPTEMBER 1926

35 CENTS

CHILD LIFE

The Children's Own Magazine



RAND McNALLY & COMPANY

This was the very first cake that Grandma ever made and it was not the cake that the company ate for supper.



Black and white drawing by Dorothy Lake Gregory



Black and white drawing by Dorothy Lake Gregory

Grandma had thought that the reward for knitting her first pair of stockings would be something more than good advice.

When Grandma Was a Little Girl

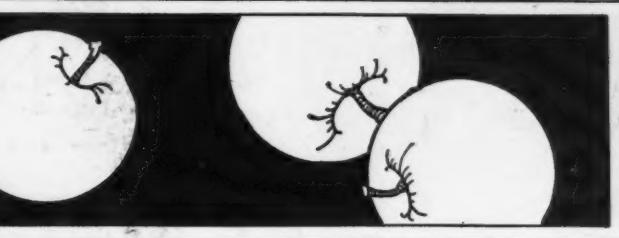
Written by STELLA C. SHETTER

Illustrated profusely in color and in black and white by DOROTHY LAKE GREGORY

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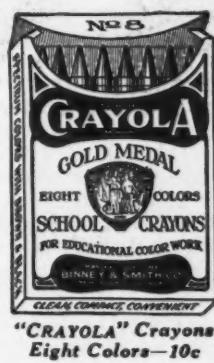


Red Apples

HOW bright and rosy they look, hanging on the tree in September! You can make some that are just as round and red, with cardboard, scissors, and your "CRAYOLA" Crayons.

Copy the apples in the picture above, color them with red "CRAYOLA" and cut them out. You can make yellow apples, too, and other fruits and vegetables, until you have a fine collection with which to play store or county fair.

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CHAPTER IV

OH, DIVER, may I begin my adventures right now? Hundreds and hundreds of children have written that they are anxious for me to leave at once," and Add-a-pearl showed him the boxes filled with letters which she had received. "You shall start to-day," Diver answered. "Flyer is here again in Giant Wings to take you away." Sure enough, when Add-a-pearl looked up she saw Giant Wings speeding toward them. "Diver," cried Add-a-pearl, "I am so happy. I know that I shall find the hidden charms and that very soon I shall be able to break the spell so that all the little girls in the world can have pearls just as beautiful as those we saw in Clam's Castle." Then she said goodby to Diver and climbed into Giant Wings. The next day Flyer left Add-a-pearl in a strange land in the Tropics. Our little adventurer was quite bewildered by the queer surroundings. Huge umbrella shaped trees with bunches of cocoanuts hanging down were alive with chattering monkeys. Add-a-pearl stopped when she heard them and looked up. She felt more at home when she saw these mischievous little animals; they seemed like old friends for she had often watched them playing in the Zoo. After walking almost a mile through the dense undergrowth, Add-a-pearl came to an open space in the center of which was a huge rock. Suddenly a tiny creature, covered with leaves, appeared on top of the rock. "Wodo is my name," she said. "I have come to tell you that you will find the second charm in the center of the tallest, largest tree in the Jungle. You must find it yourself, and if you need help, remember your little silver whistle." With this,

Wodo disappeared as quickly as she had come. Add-a-pearl gasped because the little wood sprite had come and gone so fast that she did not have a chance to ask even one question. "I'm not afraid to search for the Magic Tree that holds the charm. I know that Fairy Queen and Pearlette will help me if I need them," Add-a-pearl comforted herself as she continued her journey into the heart of the woods, for after all, she was only a little girl. Many times she thought that she had found the largest and tallest tree, but when she looked ahead there was always another one a little taller and a little larger than the one she had just discovered.

All of a sudden the trees began to sway from side to side; a terrific wind blew, and the sun which had been shining so brightly was covered with dense black clouds. A tropical storm! For a minute Add-a-pearl was too frightened to move. She thought to herself, "If I could only find the Magic Tree I know I should be safe." The sky grew darker and darker and when the great drops of rain began to fall, Add-a-pearl ran as fast as she could. A flash of lightning brightened the sky for an instant, and then she heard a loud crash! The storm died down as quickly as it had commenced. There, just a few yards in front of her, Add-a-pearl saw an immense tree torn up by the roots. It was the biggest one she had ever seen in her life. "Oh, oh," she cried, "it must be the Magic Tree. I wonder if I can find the hidden charm?"

Add-a-pearl noticed that the trunk was split, and when she came closer to the opening in the side of the tree she stopped, for there hidden in the center was a queer little old chest! What did it contain?

ADD-A-PEARL, 108 N. State St., CHICAGO





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Volume V

CONTENTS FOR SEPTEMBER, 1926

Number 9

	PAGE		PAGE
COVER DESIGN	Hazel Frazee	THE TREASURE OF BELDEN PLACE	Frances Caranah 538
GREETING PAGE		Illustrations by Alice Carney	
NEW PLAYMATES	Rose Waldo 517	CHIP'S CHUMS	Marjorie Barrows 541
Drawing by Mildred Lyon Hetherington		Silhouettes by L. Kate Deal	
TYPES OF CHILDREN	Frontispiece 518	C. L. SEWING CIRCLE	Alice Colby Judson 543
Drawing by Eleanor Duke		Illustrations by Gertrude A. Strickler	
FRIENDS	Helen Wing 519	CHILD LIFE KITCHEN	
Drawing by Eleanor Duke		COOKING FRESH CORN	Clara Ingram Judson 545
THE MOON'S BIRTHDAY PARTY	Dorothy Rouse 520	Silhouettes by L. Kate Deal	
Illustrations by Dorothy Henderson		PARENTS' PAGE	Clara Ingram Judson 550
NURSERY NUGGETS		INDOOR AND OUTDOOR PASTIMES	
THE BORROWED BABY	Mary Lina Bledsoe 524	WHO'S WHO IN THE ZOO	Ruth Bradford 555
Illustrations by Ethel R. Cline		Drawing by Milo Winter	
TURTLE TOWN	Helen Wing 526	THINGS	Polly Chase 557
Illustrations by Ve Elizabeth Cadie		Illustration by Decie Merwin	
IN MUSIC LAND		BEAN FLIP	Y. Z. Muts 557
THE STORY OF A BUTCHER'S BOY	Henry Purmort Eames 528	MAGIC WANDS	Hazel Boring 557
Decorations by John Dukes McKee		THE TRAVELING A. B. C.	Frances H. Gaines 558
HAPPINESS HALL		VISITING 'ROUND WITH NATIONS	Anna Medary 559
THE WINDOW OF BUNTY'S STORE	Patten Beard 530	OUR WORKSHOP	A. Neely Hall 560
Illustrations by Mary E. Dwyer		GOOD CITIZENS' LEAGUE	562
RIGHT-ABOUT RHYMES	Rebecca McCann 533	LITTLE LOST CHICK	Gertrude A. Strickler 563
PUZZLE—FIND LAURIE	Helen Hudson 534	IN SEPTEMBER	Eleanor Hammond 564
FAIRY FANCIES		LABOR DAY	Margaret Munsterberg 564
THE STORY OF THE UNHAPPY PRINCE	Therese Josephs Burnham 535	OUR BOOK FRIENDS	Avis Freeman Meigs 565
Illustrations by Hal Rasmussen		YOUR DRESS AND DOLLY'S	Marie Driggs 566
THE JOY GIVERS' CLUB	569	FRIENDLY FACES	John Dukes McKee 567

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Clara the Cow and the Pale Little Boy

ALL day long, Clara the Cow wandered about in a big meadow, eating luscious grasses and watching the romping, rosy children who came from the big house on the hill.

"They wouldn't look so well and strong if it weren't for my milk," she used to say proudly. "They couldn't get along without me!"

But one day Clara the Cow had a terrible shock! A Pale Little Boy came into the meadow with the rest of the children. He didn't run. He didn't play. He just sat.

Clara the Cow stopped short in the middle of a bite. "Who's that?" she mooed anxiously. The biggest, rosiest child of all answered her.

"He's my little brother," she said. "He's been sick."

"Oh!" said Clara the Cow. "Well, just give him plenty of milk—"

"But he won't drink milk!" said the biggest child. "He doesn't like milk."

"Doesn't like milk!" said Clara the Cow, gazing wildly at the biggest child. "Doesn't like milk?"

"I never heard of such a thing before," said the biggest child, "but it's true. Mother's trying ever so hard to get him to drink it."

"He must drink it!" said Clara the Cow, firmly. "Tell me tomorrow if he drinks it."

But the next day the biggest child had bad news for Clara the Cow. "He won't drink it," she said, "not even teeny sips. Mother doesn't know what to do."

And Clara the Cow was nearly distracted. She burst into tears and actually stopped eating. . . . But the next day after that, the biggest child came dashing out of the

Postum is one of the Post Health Products, which include also Grape-Nuts, Post Toasties (Double-thick Corn Flakes), Post's Bran Flakes and Post's Bran Chocolate. Your grocer sells Postum in two forms. Instant Postum, made in the cup by adding boiling water, is one of the easiest drinks in the world to prepare. Postum Cereal is also easy to make, but should be boiled 20 minutes.

house at breakfast time, waving her napkin at Clara the Cow. "He's drinking it!" she shouted. "He's drinking it!"

"Hoo-ray!" mooed Clara the Cow. She pranced and kicked and swished her tail. "How did your mother get him to do it?"

"She tried a new idea!" shrieked the biggest child. "She gave him Postum-made-with-hot-milk! It's delicious! He loves it! And it's wonderful for him! Hooray!"

And the biggest child disappeared into the house, still waving her napkin, and Clara the Cow, with a long sigh of relief, began to eat again.

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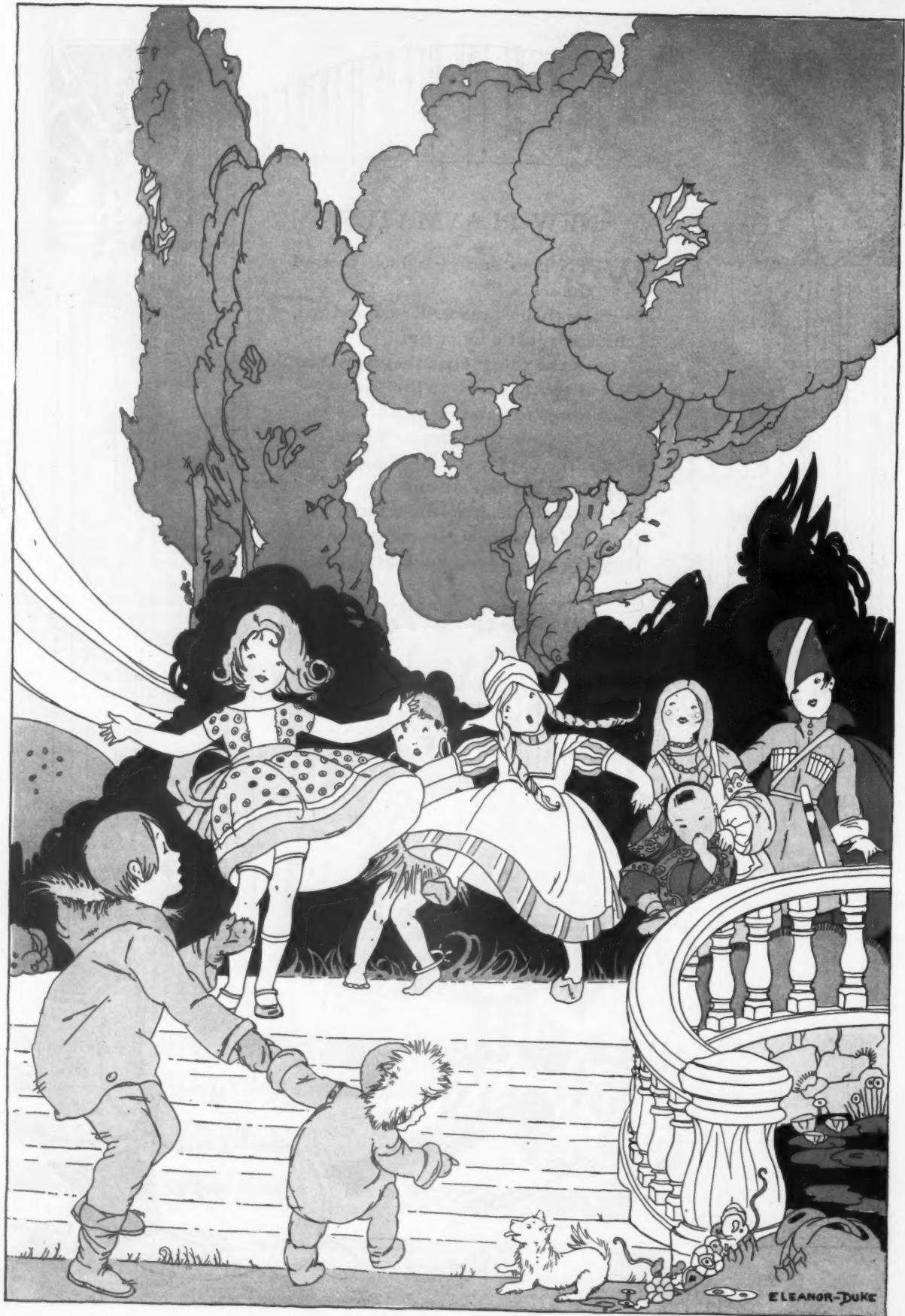


NEW PLAYMATES

WHEN boys and girls have crossed
the sea
To make their home with you and me,
I think it's just a lot of fun
To learn the things that they have done
Back where they used to live and do
What seems to us so strange and new.
A boy with, oh, the queerest name
Taught me to play the finest game
I ever learned from anyone;
And sister thinks it splendid fun
To dance as our new playmates do;
They like our games and dances, too!

Rose Maldo, editor.





FRIENDS

HELEN WING

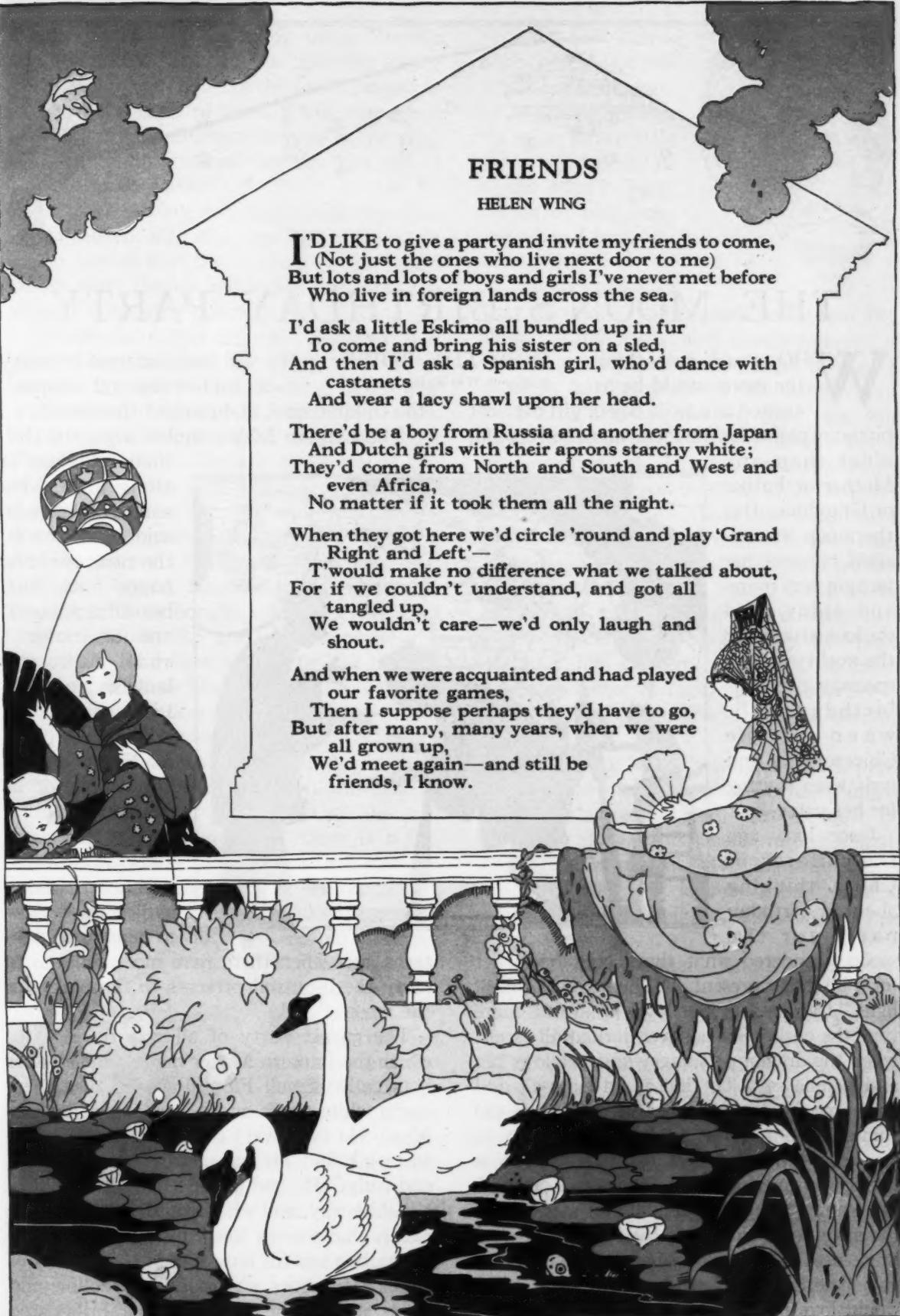
I'D LIKE to give a party and invite my friends to come,
(Not just the ones who live next door to me)
But lots and lots of boys and girls I've never met before
Who live in foreign lands across the sea.

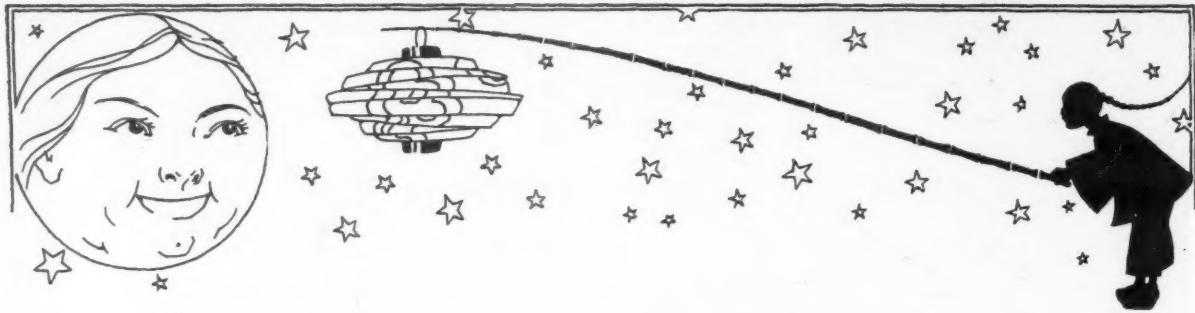
I'd ask a little Eskimo all bundled up in fur
To come and bring his sister on a sled,
And then I'd ask a Spanish girl, who'd dance with
castanets
And wear a lacy shawl upon her head.

There'd be a boy from Russia and another from Japan
And Dutch girls with their aprons starchy white;
They'd come from North and South and West and
even Africa,
No matter if it took them all the night.

When they got here we'd circle 'round and play 'Grand
Right and Left'—
T'would make no difference what we talked about,
For if we couldn't understand, and got all
tangled up,
We wouldn't care—we'd only laugh and
shout.

And when we were acquainted and had played
our favorite games,
Then I suppose perhaps they'd have to go,
But after many, many years, when we were
all grown up,
We'd meet again—and still be
friends, I know.





THE MOON'S BIRTHDAY PARTY

WHOMO would ever think the moon would be as excited as a little boy or girl over her birthday night, for the moon must be very old, older than any Mother or Father or Grandma. But the moon was excited because her face got very round and shiny, and she looked out over the world in a very special way on this birthday night when all the Chinese boys and girls were waiting for her party.

Once long ago the children of China, thinking about a birthday party for the moon, wondered what they could bring her for a birthday present. "The moon is full of light," they said. "She loves brightness more than the dark. She is never dark at all except when the dragon gets angry and swallows her and people say, 'O, that is an eclipse!' and are sorry for the moon. But even then she comes back into the light again as soon as ever she can, and most of the time she is trying to grow bigger and more full of light. We know," the Chinese children said, "that the moon looks saddest those nights when her brightness is growing smaller and smaller, and so perhaps the birthday present the moon would love best would be beautiful lanterns.

DOROTHY ROWE
Author of "*The Rabbit Lantern*"

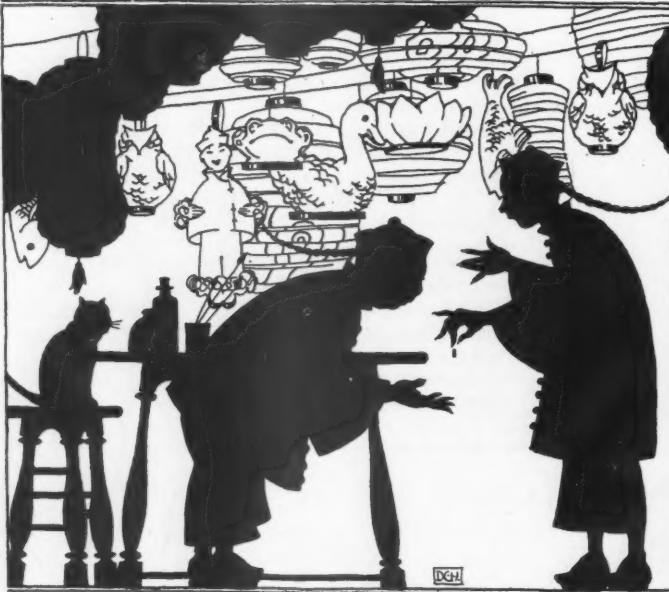
We will have lanterns of every color and wonderful shapes," the children said, and clapped their hands.

The Lantern Maker smiled when the children told him of their plan. He smiled and then he said, "Of course, the moon would be happy with such beautiful presents, and of course I shall make the lanterns for you, Little Ones."

The first party for the moon was not as big or as wonderful as other parties that came afterwards when the Lantern Maker had learned how to make nicer lanterns,

and when there were more children to carry the beautiful presents to the party for the moon.

The gayest party of all was the one for which the Lantern Maker made a little paper man called Small Flour Face because there was a white patch on his nose like a daub of flour. He was a very good lantern. His coat was pink and his paper trousers were pink and frilly. He had paper feet that moved in a lifelike way, and when you did not look too closely you'd never know his body was made of bamboo and his face of mud. The body of Small Flour Face was round and hollow and inside it was the place for the bright red



candle that some little boy or girl would light when the time came to take him to the Moon's party. Lantern Maker fastened a stick to the head of Small Flour Face, put a candle in him and hung him up in the shop to wait until someone bought him for a present to the moon.

Small Flour Face was hung beside two other paper lantern men and they had really much uglier clothes than his. At first he was proud of his good clothes and looked out over the shop in a haughty manner.

"Hello, there, how are you?" he called to a paper Frog Lantern, all green and warty, whose huge eyes bulged out as if in surprise at the beautiful clothes of Small Flour Face.

"I am quite leapy, thank you," the Green Frog said. "I am being very careful of my shiny green skin and standing still so the candle in me won't tip over and break. Pretty soon someone will come in to the shop and buy me and I shall go on a long journey."

"Yes, I know," Small Flour Face said. "I hope I shall be bought very soon, too, and taken out into the great world where the streets are all yellow and misty and there is much sky just as blue as that little bit that peeps in the window over there."

The Green Frog sighed, and then a Snowy Swan with frilled white paper feathers sighed, too, and said, "Do you think it will ever be time for the party? I want to see the sky. Someone told me once that there is a far-away land where the windows are glass so people can look through and see much sky. But of course paper windows like the ones in our shop are very nice to keep out the cold,

and sometimes, when a bit of a hole is torn, we can look through and see the sky just as Small Flour Face can up there where he hangs. And I want to see water, too. Do you know what water is? Something that is thick and thin all at once and very

shining and sometimes blue. Did you know I am supposed to be put right down on water so my little green wooden legs sit in the water? I will be rather nice looking when I have my candle lit."

"You'll not be so ugly, certainly," said a giant pink paper lotus flower, whose curly pink leaves rounded up from a green paper stem, almost hiding the place in her heart where the candle could be put. "You are not so ugly," she said, "but don't you really know that any boy or girl would think I was a more beautiful present for the moon than any other lantern?"

Small Flour Face tilted his head rather proudly and the Green Frog's eyes were black and bulgy with disgust, and the frilly feathers of Snowy Swan rustled loudly. But before they could answer there was a shrill little call from one of the boys who pasted paper lanterns for Lantern Maker. "Seller of Lanterns, Seller of Lanterns," he called. "A buyer of lanterns comes. He is just entering the shop."

The Lantern Maker put down a little paper boat he was making, wiped his pasty fingers on his blue trousers and went to meet the tall, kind man who had come to buy a birthday of the Moon lantern for his little son.

"This green frog is very good," Lantern Maker said, as he followed the tall, kind man about the shop.

"Um," said the man, "and it sells for how many pennies?"

"Twenty pennies, and that is very cheap for such a well made green paper frog."

All the lanterns were still as still. They hung quietly all about the room and from the ceiling. The little ducks and green frogs sat on the floor and waited, and even the big paper fish, whose red paper fins were fastened on with wire and supposed to wiggle all the time, was still. For each little paper lantern hoped in his paper lantern heart that the tall kind man would choose him.

"How many pennies to buy this man-lantern with the floury face?" they heard him ask.



And Small Flour Face held his breath for joy. Surely any one could see how his trousers were most beautiful and how intelligently his head was shaped! Why, who would want a plain green frog when

"That paper man is forty pennies," Lantern Maker said.

"Forty pennies! Huh, that is truly expensive. Why I should never pay that much."

"Well, perhaps I could sell him a little cheaper to you since you are such a good buyer of paper lanterns. How much will you pay?" Lantern Maker asked.

"Twenty-five pennies is the most I would give for that paper lantern man."

"Twenty-five pennies! Why, he cost more than that to make! Look at his fine head and his good, pink coat. Isn't he worth at least thirty-five pennies?"

"I will not buy him," the tall, kind man said. "Too expensive. I shall take the Green Frog."

And when Small Flour Face heard this his head dropped lower and lower on his bamboo neck and he was very sad, for he had been made almost a week and no one wanted him. There had been many, many Snowy Swans and White Ducks and Green Frogs sold, and dozens of pink paper lotus flowers had been lovingly carried out into the sunshine by happy little children who were excited about the Moon's birthday party, but always the cheaper lantern men had been taken and no one seemed to have as many coppers as were needed to buy Small Flour Face.



The night before the birthday party came.

The Green Frog had been taken away by a little girl who talked loudly to Lantern Maker and said, "I shall take this frog lantern to the Palace of the Northern Sea. I shall go with my father and he will help me to light the candle that goes inside the frog to make him shine."

"Quite right, quite right, little mistress," Lantern Maker answered, as he put the stick that was tied to Green Frog in her fat, brown hand. "And you will ride out on a boat into the lake that star images sprinkle with gold. You will go slowly out among the lotus leaves and the other tiny boats, and put this beautiful frog lantern down on the quiet water."

"Oh, yes, Lantern Man," the happy little girl said, "O, yes, and I shall ride about in the little boat afterwards and see the moon. I think the moon will like so many shining lanterns on the star-pricked lake, and especially because they will all be birthday presents from us."

Small Flour Face stayed on his hook and shook his floury face and sighed. The Snowy Swan was taken, too, that afternoon, and as she looked back rather haughtily at the poor lantern man he heard the little boy who had bought her say, "My big brother has brought me two round, shiny-green lotus leaves that are bent upwards like cups. They have long stems and I can hold them by those stems. My big brother says when night comes he will fasten tall, red candles in the cup which the leaves make and I can have two birthday



presents for the moon. But I wanted a white bird to put between the leafy lanterns when I give them to the moon, so I came to buy this Snowy Swan from you."

Small Flour Face stayed on his hook and hung his floury face and sighed. Dusk came in the paper windows and ran on gray feet into the far corners of the little shop. The small boys, who helped Lantern Maker, put on their blue coats and went home. Lantern Maker looked about the shop and was very glad so many lanterns had been bought. He planned to keep the others until the next moon birthday party and, because he was tired, he thought to himself that perhaps no one else would come to-night. "It is late," he thought. "Here by the door I can see the moon coming up over the black roofs to her party."

Small Flour Face sighed so loudly then that Lantern Maker heard him. He turned and said, "So, you whom I made so carefully are unsold. Hum, I wonder why? Perhaps it is the price. People do make such a fuss about prices. You are a seemly lantern, quite worth forty pennies, but perhaps, well, look here, Small Floury One, I see you are sad at not going to the party. Now, if anyone comes into the shop yet to-night I shall let you go for thirty pennies."

The little lantern man lifted his white face and looked at the Maker of Lanterns. He almost smiled with joy and he was so pretty when he started to thank the kind Lantern Maker that, just that very minute when a little boy dashed into the shop, he was by

far the best looking lantern in all the room.



"I want that one, Mother," the little boy said, and he pointed right at Small Flour Face. The poor little lantern was so excited he fairly danced on his hook. He waited for Lantern Maker to say, "That costs but thirty pennies." Then he heard the little boy say, "That is cheap, Mother. I want it." And the Mother said, "All right, Son." So Lantern Maker smiled knowingly as he gave Small Flour Face to the little boy.

"Be careful of him and carry him safely to the birthday party," he said. So the little boy took Small Flour Face away, out into the moon-bright streets, past crowds of happy children who had their birthday party lanterns lit and were marching along the streets, past many houses until at last they came to the Palace of the Northern Sea, to that place where Small Flour Face had most wanted to go.

The party was all ready for the moon. Hundreds of children and grown-up people crowded into the boats that went out on the shining water. Hundreds of beautiful paper lanterns were lit and put gently down to glow on the bright lake, and at last Small Flour Face saw his candle lit and felt the little boy place him near Snowy Swan and Green Frog on the star-sprinkled water. It was the happiest moment of all his life. He forgot all the sadness of the dark shop and lifted his face to the moon, to the round, gold, birthday moon that shone and smiled back at him, and was very glad.





THE BORROWED BABY

MARY LINA BLEDSOE

E.R.C.

PATTIE Bell dropped Dinah, her big rag doll, on the grass and sat down on the lowest step of the porch. Just the day before she and her mother had come back from visiting Pattie Bell's big sister who was married and had a cunning little baby.

"I wish we had a baby," Pattie Bell said, looking down at Dinah on the grass. "I love you, Dinah, but you can't talk, or coo, or pull hair—or put your toes in your mouth!"

Pattie Bell lived on a big cotton farm, and there were no neighbors near. In the fall, if there was lots of cotton, families of Mexicans came in funny little wagons pulled by donkeys and helped pick the cotton. When that was finished, they drove on to where there was other work to do.

The truth of it is, Pattie Bell was just plain lonely. She had not even a brother to play with.

Finally she picked Dinah up and trudged into the house. "May I go over in the field

where Daddy is?" she asked, and her mother saw that she was lonely. So she tied the little red sunbonnet Pattie Bell wore and watched her start to the big field.

Her father was away at the end of the long turn-row where he helped the pickers weigh their big sacks of cotton. It was a long walk, and Pattie Bell was a very little girl. "We'll sit down and rest just a little while," she said to Dinah. "We'll go down this row where it's cool and shady."

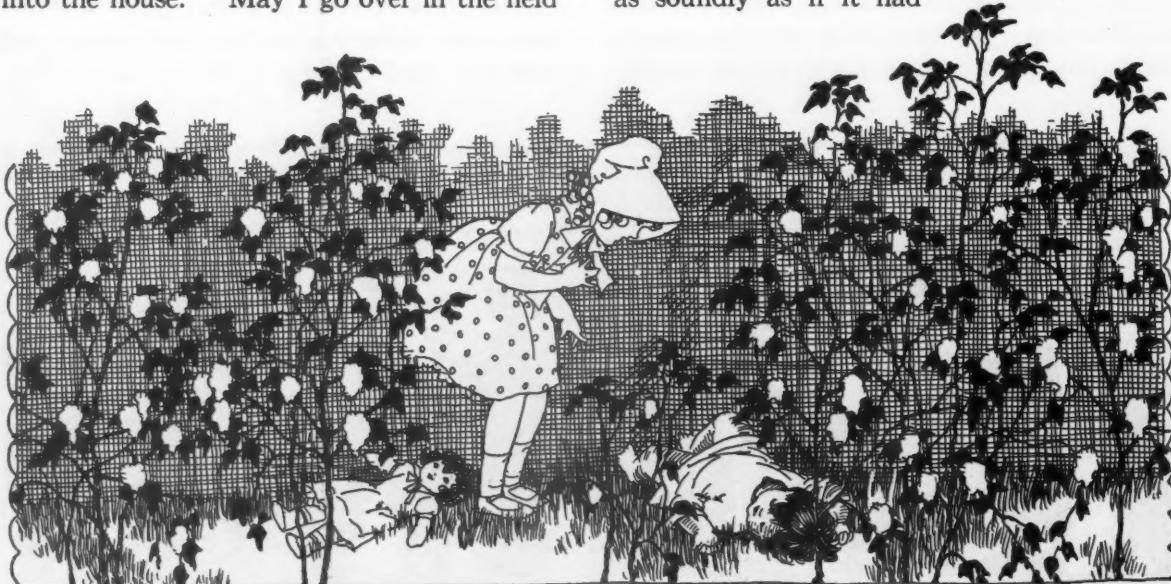
She could hear the Mexican pickers somewhere down the rows, singing, but she could not understand their songs. The cotton was taller than she, and she could not even see them.

"It's just like a big forest," she thought.

Then she stopped. Right in front of her she saw something.

You could never guess what she saw.

It was lying on the ground, fast asleep. No, it was not a puppy or a kitten. It was a baby—a darling, little brown-faced baby, curled up round and soft, and sleeping just as soundly as if it had



been in the little crib Pattie Bell used to sleep in.

"Oh-h! O-o-o-o-oh!" That was all Pattie Bell could say, she was so surprised. Where had the baby come from? It must belong to some of the Mexicans who were picking her father's cotton, but why was it there by itself? Didn't they want to keep the baby?

She sat down softly beside it. When it waked up she would take it home. Such a wee baby! She could carry it, she knew.

But she had not watched long before she heard someone hurrying through the cotton. In a minute more the tall stalks parted and a Mexican woman, her face all beaming with smiles, looked down at them.

"Oh! Ze little Tony! He roll off my sack."

Then Pattie Bell understood. The pickers use big sacks with bands that hold them on their shoulders. One end drags on the ground while they put the fleecy cotton into the other end where the sack opens. When the cotton is thick in the dragging sack it makes a nice, soft bed. Tony had been asleep on his mother's sack. Maybe he had rolled off.

Pattie Bell was thinking fast. Why couldn't she borrow Tony while his mother picked cotton?

Back she went, running, to her mother. Together they pulled her crib down from upstairs. They found lots of her little baby dresses, and a cap, and a baby

quilt with blue rabbits all around the edge. They peeped through the edge of the crib as if they were wondering why they were there.

"Tony's mother can pick lots more cotton if she has some one to leave Tony with," Pattie Bell told her mother, as she ran up and downstairs, getting the nursery ready. The nursery was a corner of the big porch.

When Tony's mother saw how eager Pattie Bell was to keep her little son, she smiled a very big smile. "Much-ee pret-ty," she said, touching the little blue rabbits. "Tony like 'um heep."

And so Pattie Bell had a baby for her very own every afternoon, a real live baby that put his little brown toes in his mouth.

One day her father said, "Tony's father will stay all winter, and help me with the cattle."

Pattie Bell ran to hug her father. Tony waved his fist high above his head. What he said really sounded like "Goo-o."

But maybe that is the way Mexican babies say, "Hurrah!"





TURTLE TOWN

HELEN WING

TO-DAY as I went down the road
I met a terrapin,
And he politely tipped his hat
And grinned a friendly grin.

"Good morning, little boy," he
said,
"Good morning and Good day,
I want to go to Turtle Town
And I have lost my way.

"If you will please direct me
there
And get me headed straight,
I'll thank you six or seven times
(And even make it eight)."

I told him it was North or South
Or maybe, East or West,
And I suggested that he choose
The road he liked the best.

He listened with such gratitude
A tear came in his voice.
"How very kind you are," he said,
"To give me such a choice!"

"You see, my richest relatives
All live in Turtle Town,
And Uncle Terry wrote last year
Suggesting I come down.

"And so I left that very hour
(I didn't stop to write);
I've traveled all of every day
And half of every night.

"I wish you might have seen me
When I started on this trip,
(My spats as white as bottled milk,
My gloves without a rip.)

"I wore a purple silk cravat,
My vest was checkered green.
(I had my tailor fit it tight
As skin upon a bean.)

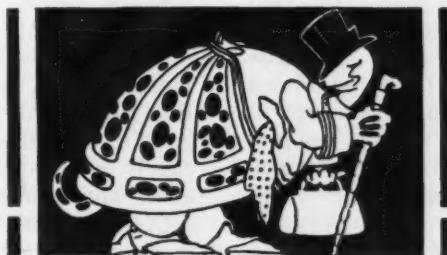
"My figure had the rounded curves
Of some high magistrate,
But with these months of exercise
I've greatly lost in weight.

"My shoes have even worn so thin
There's not the slightest doubt
If I don't get another pair
My toes will soon be out.

"And yet," he said, "I may as well
Go on another year.
If Uncle didn't hear from me
Perhaps he'd think it queer.

"So thank you once or twice again
For being so polite,
And when you come to Turtle Town
Do plan to spend the night."

And then he left at such a pace
That if he perseveres
He'll surely get to Turtle Town
Within the next two years.



THE STORY OF A BUTCHER'S BOY

AND WHY HE WROTE THE "NEW WORLD SYMPHONY"

By HENRY PURMORT EAMES, LL.B.

Mus. Doc. Composer, Piano-Lecture-Recitalist; Teacher of Piano and Lecturer at American Conservatory, Chicago; President of the Society of American Musicians

RIVERS are wonderful things, aren't they? They seem to lead on and on to the land of song and sunshine. I have been on the busy, bustling Thames, at London, and have ridden a lumber-raft from Stillwater to St. Louis on our mighty Mississippi. Days of enjoyment on the castled Rhine and on the storied Danube have been mine, but I have always longed to see the Russian Volga, where the boatmen chant strong, weird melodies, and the Bohemian river Moldau, for both of the streams speak to me of great men and women of a noble race, of knightly deeds, of sirens and mermaids, of lords and ladies.

It was on the banks of the river, Moldau, in what is now called Czecho-Slovakia, that the great Bohemian composer, Anton Dvorak, was born in 1841. Anton was the son of the village butcher in the town of Nehalozes. (If you cannot pronounce that, try it in German—Muehlhausen; that's easier.) Naturally Father Dvorak wanted Anton to grow up to be a strong man and a good butcher. But God and the Moldau, the birds and the trees, had higher plans for Anton than that. As a little boy he followed the Gipsy bands, he reveled in the country dances and folk songs of Bohemia, and at twelve years of age persuaded the village schoolmaster to give him lessons in singing and violin playing.

When Anton was twelve years old he wrote his first musical composition—a polka. Do you

know what a polka is? It is a lively dance, very popular in Bohemia, and one that Americans might well copy.

So, ever progressing, this butcher boy of Bohemia continued his music study.

He studied under another great Bohemian, Smetana, and surpassed his master, putting the heart and soul of his dear Bohemia into the rhythms and melodies he composed.

If you children want to know what to write about in that story your teacher asked you to hand in to-morrow, just look about you. Write of the brook, or the river that runs near your home; write of the birds and the trees; write of Mother

and her care of you, and of the songs she sings. That is what this butcher boy—Anton Dvorak—did throughout the sixty-three years of his life, and he made the world know and love his country, her folk songs and dances, her rivers, trees and birds.

After he had grown to manhood someone asked Dvorak if he had learned much from any one special teacher. His answer was one that our Abraham Lincoln might have made. "I studied music with God, with the birds and trees, the rivers, and with myself." Every one of you can study under the same great teachers if you will but learn to see clearly, to hear distinctly and to think about what you see and hear.

Of course, you know a composition by Dvorak called "The Humoresque." It is one of a bouquet of beautiful Bohemian dances



written for the piano. The other blossoms of that musical bouquet (a series of humoresques) are just as pretty as the one you know—the one in G Flat, which is the only one the world knows very well. The spirit of these good-natured dance tunes Dvorak heard around him in the village and in the harvest fields, in the songs his mother taught him, and so he loved them very dearly. In many of these folk tunes an American will be reminded of the songs of slavery days. The Negro gives us, to-day, just as beautiful melodies as Dvorak ever used, but God has not yet given us an American Dvorak who can mount these jewels as jewels were mounted by the famous Italian goldsmith—Benvenuto Cellini. Perhaps one of you who read this story of the rise of the butcher's boy to fame, may be the chosen one to make our homeland famous through its lovely songs. Better get ready by listening to every old song Grandpa or Mother will sing to you! Study as hard as Anton did to master the difficulties of putting into notes all you feel when these songs sing in your heart.

But here's the best news I have for you. Our country, America, inspired Anton Dvorak to write his largest and most beautiful musical work, and we have a right to be mighty proud of it. In 1892 he came to New York City to be the director of the National Conservatory of Music. Almost immediately this lover of lowly, simple people found beauty in the songs of our slavery days, and in the chants of the American Indian. We had not noticed them very much because—well, just because we never seem to appreciate the flowers in our own yard, but we walk a mile to see and admire some other garden. Dvorak, who was kind and loving in his thought, told

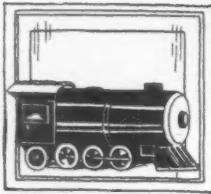
us that there were folk songs as beautiful as pearls all over this country. I'm sorry to say that we did not like to be told this, just as you might not feel happy if Jimmy Brown told you that there were wonderful rubies in your back yard, and you had never noticed them. You would very likely reply, "That's not so. They are not rubies. They are just plain red stones." Well then, it would be up to Jimmy to prove it or back down. Anton Dvorak—that great but simple guest of America—did not back down. He proved it. He wrote the symphony for a large orchestra called "From the New World," so named because the rhythms and melodies he used in it were like those he found among the Negroes and Indians, and because he wrote it in North America, a continent in the New World.

To-day this symphony is the most popular symphony played by our American orchestras. Listen to it upon the phonograph or, better

still, hear a great orchestra play it. And as you listen there will come to you songs and pictures of this, your native land.

How you will enjoy this "New World Symphony!" It was the exalted gift of a good man to this country, and is his most popular work the world over. When you are listening to the melody in the slow part—the Andante—the melody that will make you think of "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot," pause to thank Anton Dvorak, the son of a lowly villager in Bohemia, for listening to the rivers and the birds, and for teaching us through his "New World Symphony" that our brightest musical jewels are all about us, and our business is to seize them, and mount them, through love and hard work, in our country's Crown of Songs.





THE WINDOW OF BUNTY'S STORE

By PATTEN BEARD

Author of "Tucked in Tales," "The Jolly Book of Boxcraft," etc.

OH, BOY! Oh, my stars! That window of Bunty's Store!" This is what Robert thought as twice a day, going and coming home from Public School Number Eleven, he passed the big store where the wonderful electric railway system was mapped out in shining glory of gaily-painted station, freight station, water tank, tunnel, crossing-signal and gates and bright, steely rails!

Twice a day, going and coming, he would stop to look in at that window. And in between times, it was hard not to think of it when doing other things! While Robert looked at the miniature railway with its real electric engine, Sister's nose was glued to the other big window of Bunty's Store where, in a white doll carriage lined with pink satin, there lay a big doll, blue-eyed, dark lashes fringing over them. Such a darling! Exactly like a real baby, even to kid bootees that peeped from under a lacy baby frock! Sister had no eyes for the railway, though she admitted it was fine; she gazed at the doll while Robert considered his half of the chosen window.

Sister said very little. She just looked. But you could see how she wanted that doll, just as you could see that Robert wanted that whole outfit of the electric railway. And, of course, there wasn't the least likelihood of either one ever owning either toy. All Sister ever said was, "If ever . . . if ever . . . I would never want anything else ever!" All of which was expressive, though it really stated nothing in particular.

That engine had headlights—real ones! You could watch the bright lights coming through the toy tunnel if, on a dark afternoon, you lingered late before the window of Bunty's Store. "Wish I were rich," murmured Robert and Sister took it up. "Me, too," she cried.

"What do you suppose it costs?" he asked. "I'm going in to ask." And, suddenly, he was in the big store with the door swinging behind him. Sister waited. She did not price the doll. It was no use. When her birthday came, she knew that it would be no use to ask for the doll or doll carriage. Sister needed a new coat

and a best hat. Mother had said, yes, there might be a new doll but that it must not cost more than three-fifty. That doll—that doll—well, anybody could tell it was not three-fifty!

Robert came out of the shop. His face was thoughtful. When his sister asked what he had found out, he refused to tell. "No chance at all," he said. "Let's go home—we ought to."

Yes, surely, they were due home. They had lingered a long, long time to-day. Silently, the two left the window of Bunty's Store and trotted homeward—up one long block and down another, here a turn and there a turn. And, at last, there was the rather small brownish house that was home. Mother was standing in a front window. She waved to them.

"Bunty's, I suppose!" Mother cried, smiling. "You both should have been here long ago! I had some errands to do—one for each of you!" And while the two sipped from the cups of hot cocoa that waited with cookies, Mother explained the errands. They didn't say what was in their hearts. Robert—well, he'd wanted to go out in the lot and

play with the gang. That was what he had planned to do. Sister, well, she wanted to go see Theresa and play dolls in Theresa's playroom. Theresa had lovely dolls. It was such fun to brush their hair—real hair—with little brushes! And Sister just loved to dress and undress them. All she had at present was a funny little doll. It had no hair.

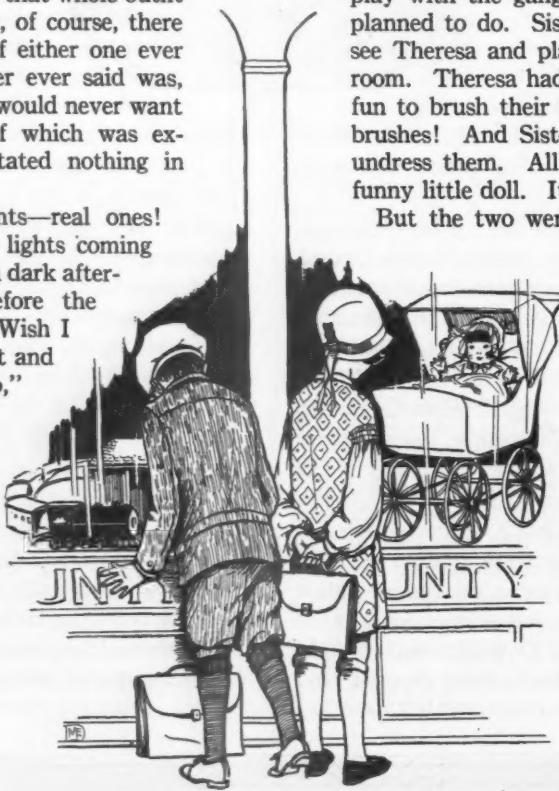
But the two went about their tasks cheerfully. They were soon out on the street again, walking toward the corner together. "So long!" cried Robert. "I got to go 'way down to that carpenter's beyond the railway station; you got to go to Aunt Marjie's with that book and pattern. Say, see who gets home first! Last tag!"

But Sister stopped him. "Say," she called.

"Yea-a!"

"Good we don't either go past Bunty's Store." She giggled.

"Sure!" he retorted.



And he was gone. While she turned up the road toward Auntie's, he was lost in the hurried traffic of the busier streets that grew thick around the railway station. But, even hurrying along, he was thinking of Bunty's Store window where the railway train even now was circling past switches and under its tunnel. Oh, boy! It looked just exactly like the real thing, like the station he was approaching where a big fast train had just stopped.

As Robert went down the long platform, an automobile drew up to the station and a gentleman leaped from it and dashed for the rear of the moving train, just slowing out of the station. He got his train all right—just got it! Robert laughed; and then, as he reached the place where the gentleman had jumped aboard, there lay something long and black right on the wooden platform of the station. Robert picked it up. It was a big fat wallet. He opened it. It was filled with money—so much money that Robert gasped. A sudden vision of Bunty's Store—that railway train! But, of course, that wallet wasn't his! It belonged to the gentleman who had lost it running for the train. Robert wondered what he ought to do. He looked about for someone to talk to. The station agent had left the platform. Nobody was about. But he knew the ticket agent. He'd ask him.

There was just one thing to do, the agent said. He thought there were valuable papers beside money in that wallet, and the wallet bore the name of a gentleman that the agent knew. "He's a rich fellow, all right," said the station agent. "If he's on that train, I'll have 'em telegraph to him that we found it—you found it, I mean. I'll just take it and lock it up in my safe, Bob. What do you say? I'll tell him you found it. Guess you'll get a fat reward, son!"

"Gee," murmured Robert. "I don't take rewards, I don't—not for giving back what I found. Sure, I don't! I'd be ashamed! Say, what do you take me for!"

"Oh, well," said the agent. "You're all right! But you sure found something that time!"

The bills in that wallet, though, rose up before Robert's vision as he ran on to finish his errand. "Bet they'd have bought all Bunty's," he thought. "Oh, boy!"

When Robert reached home, not a word did he say about that wallet. He was so quiet that Mother noticed it. Sister noticed it, too. She had been ready and waiting at the door to call, as he came in, "I got here first!" But Robert was in a brown study all through dinner.

It wasn't until he kissed Mother good night that anybody knew what was the matter or what had happened. She asked, "Something bothering you, Bobbie?" First, he shook his head. But, somehow, he told afterwards—all about Bunty's Store. He had done right—he hadn't really had any right to that money had he—no, course not! But—but if it had been his, my!

"Then you'd have got the train," Sister cried. "And would you have bought the doll for me, too?"

"Sure," he replied. "But we're never going to have either," he sighed. "Better forget it."

They went to bed. It was just like Sister to jump out of bed after she'd been tucked in and Mother had gone downstairs. She jumped out because she heard the front doorbell ring and wanted to know who it was coming. Robert, whose room was opposite, jumped out, too, when he heard her. Both hung over the banisters in the hallway. Below, Mother was opening the front door for somebody—a gentleman—they did not know his voice. Mother ushered him into the living room, and Dad's greeting mingled with the other voices below.

"Who is it?" asked Sister curiously.

Robert shook his head. "Go on back to bed," he whispered. But right here, Mother's voice came to him, as she spoke from the doorway. "Why, yes," he heard. "It was our Robert who found the wallet. He has just gone to bed."

Gee! Then it was that gentleman—that—that millionaire! "Gracious!" he exclaimed. But there was little time to say more,

for Mother was upstairs. "Robert," she said, "hurry back into your clothes! Here, I'll help you. The gentleman, whose wallet you found, took the next train back. He dropped in to thank you. You must run down and shake hands. He's the one who has just bought that fine big place up on the hill—and he's just come here to live."

"I want to go, too,"





said Sister. And though there was no need of her going, she also scrambled into clothes. The two were soon shaking hands with a big friendly gentleman who held the wallet in his hands and chatted. "When any man does a thing such as you did, Robert, I just feel I have

to thank him myself, so I came right up here. It was mighty kind of you; that's all I've got to say!"

Yes, Dad, Mother, Sister were all as pleased as Robert. "It was mighty good to be able to do a thing like that for anybody," Robert said.

"I wish we could just have some fun together," said the gentleman. "Now, I know it is bedtime, because I've a chick of my own. But what say we take a drive before I catch my next train—there's a whole two hours! Can you put on your things? We might go get some ice cream together! I feel like it, I'm so happy!"

Mother nodded. The two scrambled into coats. Soon they were stowed in the big car. Soon they were speeding through lighted streets. It seemed as though they had known one another and been friends for years. And while they were having their ice cream sodas, the gentleman turned suddenly to Robert. "Son," he said "supposing I knew a boy—say, about your age—a very nice bright boy . . . I do happen to know one I like a lot . . . I want your advice as a friend. Say, what'll I get that boy for his birthday? I want to give him something mighty fine! You tell me what you'd like, if you were that boy!"

Robert's eyes shone. And, somehow, before he knew, he had told all about that train in Bunty's Store window!

The gentleman laughed and clapped his hand to his trouser pocket. "Just the thing," he cried. "It's odd, but I know a girl, too—well, about as big as your sister. I wonder if she could help me out on a birthday suggestion, too?"

Sister's gaze was grave as she looked up into the dark eyes of the new friend over her ice cream spoon. "I don't know that I want to tell you," she answered. "I want it myself and

I guess there's only one of it—" She hesitated. "I don't want to be horrid," she said. "But I'd miss seeing it if you bought it—it's the doll in the *other* side of Bunty's Store window!"

"Oh! She's just crazy about it, just as I am over the train," declared Robert. "Maybe, when you give that to the boy you know, you'll let me just lay it out on my floor before it goes!"

The gentleman laughed, just as if it were the best joke ever. He couldn't stop laughing. Sister and Robert did not quite catch the joke. But he managed to say, between gales of laughing, "Bless me, I meant you, Son! And as for the doll—why, we'll go get it right away for the little girl I know. She's you, Sister!"

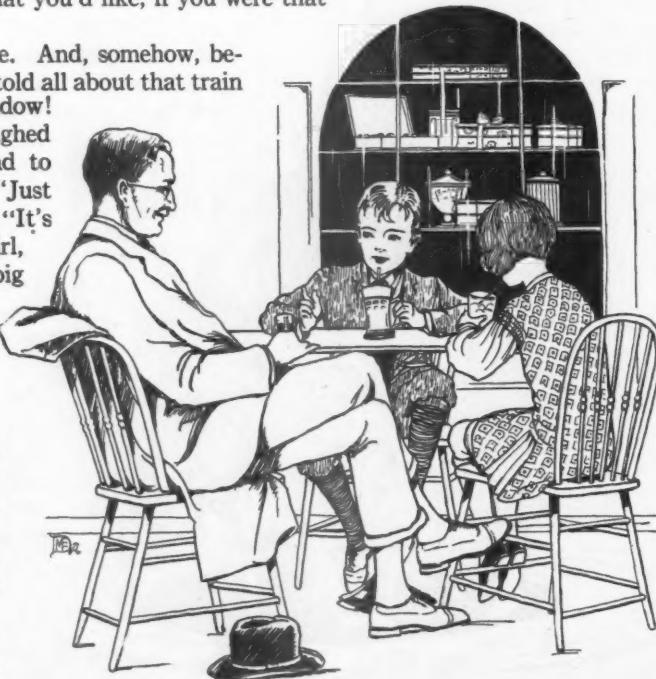
"Oh, boy!" was all that Robert could say. It was like a fairy story—it didn't seem real at all! But when the toys were stowed into the roomy limousine and they were rushing toward home, the gentleman looked at his watch. "Just twenty minutes to train time," he cried as he led them back into home, their arms laden down and the chauffeur bringing up the rear with the doll carriage. "Say, when I come back, we'll be old friends, won't we? I'm coming around to see you and you can show me how that railway ought to go!"

Robert nodded. Something in his throat just then seemed to choke back all the words. He just stood

there beside Sister who was hugging her doll—the blue-eyed doll that was exactly like a real baby, even to the kid bootees that peeped from under a lacy baby frock. Sister couldn't speak, either.

But the gentleman smiled—he understood. "Good-bye!" he called. "Good-bye till next time!"

As the door closed upon him, Robert, with the box of the train in his arms murmured, just as he had many many times before, "Oh, boy!" And this time he sounded very happy as he said it. There was nothing left in Bunty's Store to be desired!





RIGHT-ABOUT RHYMES

by **Rebecca McCann**



LITTLE RALPH KELLER

THERE was a little boy
And his name was Ralph Keller.
He played in the attic,
He played in the cellar.

He played in the kitchen
And dining room, too.
He made as much noise as
About **TEN OF YOU**.

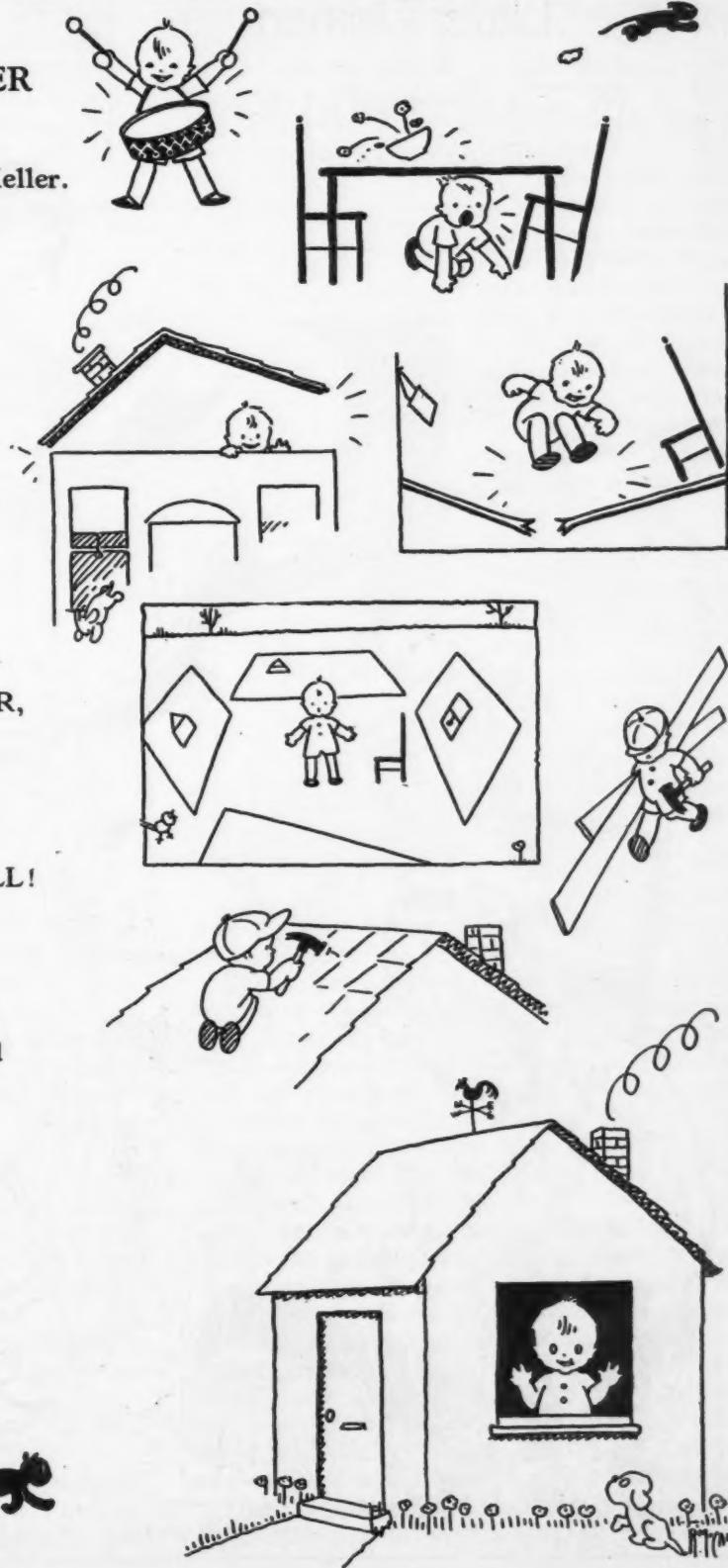
He made so much **NOISE**
That the roof blew away.
And there was no attic
In which he could play!

He made so much noise
That he **CAVED IN THE FLOOR**,
And then didn't have any
Cellar any more.

He made so much noise
That **DOWN FELL EACH WALL!**
And then little Ralph
Had no house at all.

But wise little Ralph
Got some nails and some wood
And built a new house
As fast as he could.

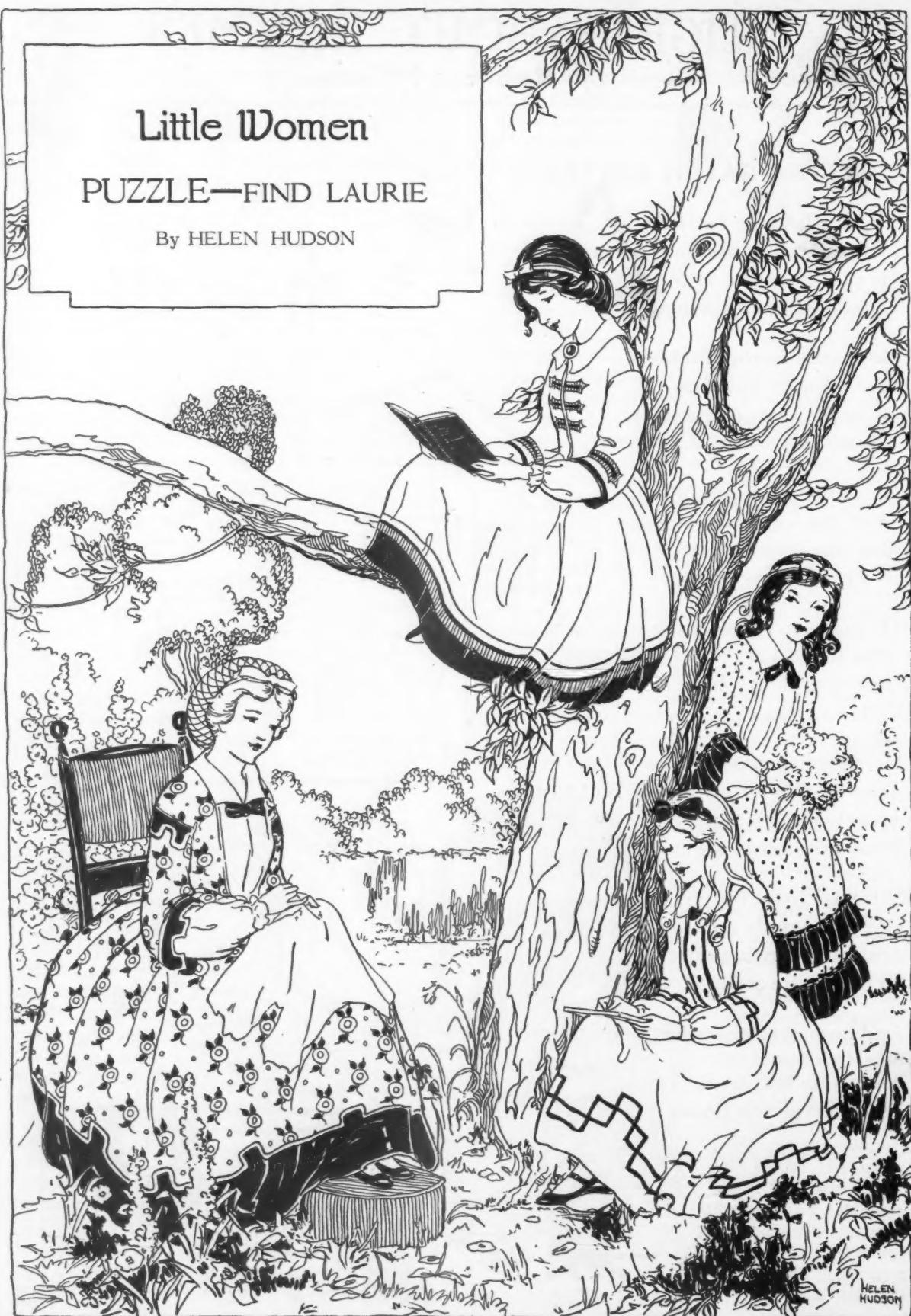
And he played there as quiet
As one little mouse.
And so he still lives
In his little new house.



Little Women

PUZZLE—FIND LAURIE

By HELEN HUDSON



THE STORY OF THE UNHAPPY PRINCE

ONCE upon a time there was a poor, unhappy little prince. He had everything in the world that a child could want, and he didn't want any of it. And the worst of it was that he didn't know what he *did* want. So he grew thinner and paler and sadder every day, until he even forgot what it was to smile or laugh at all.

This worried the Queen Mother very much, for the Prince had such pretty dimples in his cheeks, and now he never showed them at all, so the Queen sent for the court Wise Man, and asked what could be done. Very wisely, he put his forefinger to his forehead and thought. "We must entertain his little Royal Highness!" said the Wise Man wisely. "Let the Court Jester be sent for."

"*Tarrah-tarrah!*" blew the trumpets. "Send for the Court Jester." And the Court Jester danced in, with a hop, skip and a jump. He turned handsprings into the room, stood on his head and made a funny little bow as he stood up. When the Prince saw his funny face, and his strange dress, and his queer antics, he was frightened and cried, "Oh, take him away! Take him away!" and burst into tears.

The Queen turned to the Wise Man in despair. "What shall we do? The Prince is crying," she wailed.

The Wise Man put his finger to his forehead. "We must send the Court Jester away. The Prince does not like the entertainment."

The poor Court Jester hung his head in shame and left the room. Just then, a little old woman poked her funny little head in the door. She had little white curls all over her head, and the bluest eyes, and her cheeks were like withered red apples. "Don't cry, little boy," she said.

"I'm not crying!" said the Prince, for indeed he wasn't. He had stopped crying the moment the little old lady had appeared.

"And he's *not* a little boy," insisted the Wise Man. "He's the Prince."

"Indeed," said the little old lady, wagging her head. "I think I know a little boy, when I see one. Would you like a nice fresh egg, my dear?" And



she held toward the Prince a tiny green basket lined with leaves, in which there lay a beautiful fresh white egg.

"No," said the Queen. "I know he would not. The Prince has no appetite."

"I have no appetite," echoed the Prince, "but I would like that pretty little white egg."

"Then you shall have it, my dear," said the Queen, who never denied him a wish. "How much gold do you want for it, my good woman?"

The little old woman shook her head. "This one is not for sale. But the little boy may come along with me, and my goody hen will lay him one just like it for his supper."

"He's not a little boy," corrected the Wise Man. "He's the Prince."

"I *am* a little boy!" insisted the Prince, "and I'm going with the little old lady, and eat an egg for my supper, that her goody hen will lay."

The Queen said, "The Prince is going riding."

And the trumpets blew, "Tarrah-tarrah, make way for the Prince. The Prince is going riding."

All day long the Prince rode on his little white horse, with the golden saddle, and the black velvet reins, and all day long the little old lady rode beside him in a funny little old blue wagon, with a funny little old brown horse, that stopped every few minutes to eat the grass by the roadside, or to turn his head and smile at the little old lady. Behind them rode twelve soldiers on black horses, to see that no harm came to the little Prince.

Finally they came to a green hillside, so steep that it seemed to go straight up, up, up to the sky, and all overgrown with vines and bushes and trees. "We get off here," said the little old lady and jumped down out of her funny little old carriage, and helped the Prince down from his horse, before the twelve soldiers could say, "Jack Robinson." And, indeed, they never had the chance to say it, for, with a wave of her hand, the little old lady said, "Prrrrt," and all twelve soldiers and their big black horses disappeared.

The little old lady gave the Prince her hand, and they began to climb the steep hill. As they walked,

little white rabbits peered out through the bushes with their bright beady eyes, and wrinkled their little noses and waved their furry ears, and tiny yellow and blue flowers fluttered their pretty heads at them, and bright red berries, already picked and lying in big green leaves like plates, just seemed to call, "Come and taste us." And the Prince did taste one, and it was very good, like watermelon and raspberries, all mixed together.

Finally the little Prince grew very tired and hungry. It was such a steep hill, and they had climbed a long, long way. "I have such a hollow feeling here," said the Prince pointing to his little royal stomach, "and my legs are moving so slowly, and I can't keep my eyelids up."

"Oh, ho!" said the little old lady. "Someone is hungry and someone will sleep well to-night."

"Not I," said the Prince, "for I have no appetite, and I have insomnia."

"We shall see," said the little old lady. "Those are only *words* that the Wise Man found in the dictionary, and I'll wager you have found your appetite and lost your insomnia on this hill." And she gave the little Prince both her hands to hold and they went on climbing. With the little old lady's two hands in his, the Prince found new strength, and soon they came to the top of the hill, and could see the country beyond. The sun was just going to bed, with one white cloud for a pillow, and a beautiful rose-colored cloud for a coverlid, and as soon as the little boy came to the top of the hill, the sun winked one eye, as if he had been waiting for the Prince to appear, and with a great rosy yawn, sank to rest.

"Well, here we are," said the little old lady. The Prince blinked his eyes, still dazzled from looking at the sun. Before him stood a tiny little house, with a low brown roof, and a little white door. It had little green shutters, and flowers of every color were growing in the garden. When they saw the little old lady, they all began to wave their heads in greeting, and there were so many of them that it sounded like a lot of fairy bells tinkling.

The little old lady walked to the door and knocked. It was a very funny old knocker—a little brass

pussy cat, with a little curly tail—and when you lifted the little curly tail, it fell with a sound, "Bing-bong." Soon, they heard footsteps, and the door was opened. There stood a beautiful little girl, with long yellow curls, and big blue eyes, and from the little kitchen was wafted a lovely smell of soup. "Hello, Grammy darling," said the little girl, and held up her face for a kiss.

"I have brought you a little playmate," said Grammy.

"Hello, boy," said the little girl. "My name is Mary. What is your name?"

"They call me Your Royal Highness," said the Prince.

"Oh, that is too long a name!" said the little girl. "I shall call you Roy."

"Well, that is a pretty name," answered the Prince. "I think I shall like it."

"Supper is ready," said the little girl, and after they had washed their hands and faces, they sat down to a little low table, set with pretty yellow dishes

with flowers on them; and from the big shining copper pot that hung in the fireplace, the little girl ladled the good hot soup. Then a fine brown roast fowl appeared, and three jam tarts popped out for dessert, for the shining copper pot was a fairy pot, and every good thing that one could wish to eat was to be found in it, if only one did not forget to shine it brightly every morning, and to gather enough wood in the forest, to keep it bubbling merrily all day.

The little Prince ate and ate and ate, and when he had finished, his little red mouth opened wide into a big wide yaw-w-w-n. "Why, excuse me," said the Prince in surprise, for he had never been tired enough in his life to yawn before.

"I'm sleepy, too," admitted the little girl.

"I'm *never* sleepy," insisted the Prince, "I have ins-ins- why! I've forgotten the word," he said in surprise. "That's because you lost it on the hill, as I promised you," cried the little old lady, who was busily making three little white beds in a row. "Good night, sleepy head," she said and tucked him in between the smooth white sheets. She kissed him on his little pink cheek, and the Prince touched the place softly.

"I like that," he said.



"Did no one ever kiss you before?" asked the little girl, from her bed on the other side of the little old lady.

"Oh yes, on my hands," said the Prince, and on his baby face came the sad, cold haughty "Your Royal Highness" look.

"Oh, you poor lamb," said the little old lady, and kissed him again for good measure.

"What's a lamb?" asked the little Prince, from the depth of his soft pillow.

"You'll find out to-morrow," said the little old lady, and with these words dancing in his ears, the little Prince fell asleep, to wake up with the bright early morning sun shining in his eyes.

After their breakfast of porridge and milk, the little girl and the Prince went off on the hillside to see the sheep. "Oh, the air is so sweet," said the Prince, sniffing it like a little rabbit, "and the sky is so blue," and he tried to skip along the brown path, like the little girl. But his feet had never skipped before, and they got all mixed up, and he tumbled down on the bright green grass, and they laughed and laughed.

Meanwhile the twelve soldiers on their big black horses had ridden back to the castle, and hastened to tell the Queen what had happened. When the Queen heard that the Prince had suddenly vanished up the side of a hill with the little old lady, she ordered the royal coach to be made ready, in haste. "Tarrah-tarrah," rang the trumpets. "Make way for the Queen!" And off she rode with the twelve soldiers on their black horses galloping behind. All day long the Queen rode, and at last, just as the sun was sinking, she came to the hut in the woods, where the Prince and the little girl and the little old lady were again having supper. Through the window of the little house rang a merry laugh.

"Oh, ho, and do you remember how funny the little lamb looked when you tied your hair ribbon on its ear?" said the merry voice.

"Why, that sounds like my baby," said the Queen, pressing her hand to her heart.

"It is His Highness," said soldier number four, looking in the window at the happy Prince.

At the sound of voices, the little old lady came to the door. "Come in, come in, Your Majesty," she said and acted as if a visit from the Queen was an everyday occurrence.

"Mother," said the Prince. "I'm so glad you came. Isn't everything lovely here?"

The Queen looked around at the poor little room, at the coarse tablecloth, and the thick yellow dishes with the little flowers on them, at the one shiny pot hanging over the fire of sticks and she bit her lip to keep from smiling—or crying, she didn't know which.

"Does this make you happy, my darling?" she asked.

"Oh, very," said the Prince, "and this is such good soup."

"Do have some, Your Majesty," said the little old lady.

"I am afraid I can't stay," said the Queen, "but will you tell me how you make it?"

"Indeed, I will," said the little old lady, and sat right down and wrote out the recipe. Meanwhile the twelve soldiers had ushered the little Prince out to the royal coach. "Good-by, little girl," he said. "I've had a wonderful time."

"Come back soon," said the little girl, and "Come back soon," said the little old lady.

"Oh, I will," said the Prince, but his voice was quite lost in the clatter of the forty-eight hoofs of the big black horses, and the squeak of the wheels of the royal carriage.

The next night at dinner, the Queen watched the royal butler place his little Royal Highness's soup plate before him. It was of silver and shone beautifully, and in it was soup made exactly after the recipe which the little old lady had given. The little Prince looked very small, and very white, in his great red velvet chair, and as he raised his golden spoon to his mouth, the Queen watched anxiously. "Oh, if he will only say, 'What good soup this is!' and laugh again," thought the Queen.

The Prince tasted it. "Oh," he cried, "this is just *regular* soup," and burst into tears.

"What shall we do?" said the Queen to the Wise Man.

The Wise Man put his soup spoon to his forehead. "We must send for the little old lady," he said.

"Tarrah-tarrah," went the trumpets. "Send for the little old lady."

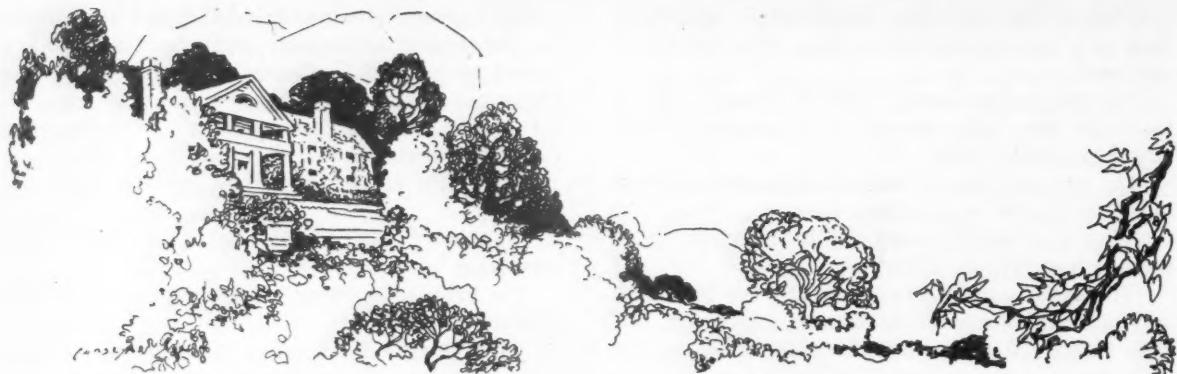
"Here I am," said a sweet voice. Everybody turned. At the door stood the little old lady.

"Alas," said the Queen, "the Royal cook has made this soup just as you told me, and the Prince does not like it."

"That's strange," said the little old lady. "What kind of vegetables are in it?"



(Continued on page 549)



THE TREASURE OF BELDEN PLACE

WHAT HAPPENED IN PART I

Patsy Spaulding is spending a month at Belden Place with her cousin, Patty Morrison, while their mothers are away on a visit. Patty's mother has engaged Mrs. Fisher, the sister of John the gardener, to look after the old ancestral homestead during her absence; but the housekeeper refuses to stay when she learns that the two girls are to be left in her care. However, she changes her mind after John extracts a promise from Mrs. Morrison that she may have the back, west room—a rather strange request, since the room has been unoccupied for years. Mr. Whitney, the jolly old grocer, has told Patsy about a hidden room in the old house where their Great-grandfather Belden had concealed the runaway slaves in the days of the Underground Railroad, after they had escaped across the Ohio River from Kentucky. On Patsy's first night at Belden Place, the girls are lying in bed, talking about the mystery room, as they call it, when they hear stealthy footsteps in the hall, a cry and then a crash. They hurry to Mrs. Fisher's door, but she refuses them admittance, telling them that everything is all right and that they must hurry back to bed. Then, just as they turn to go into their room, they hear the cry again.

PART II

WE DIDN'T call for Mrs. Fisher this

time. Instead, we opened the door to our room and made a dive for the bed and burrowed deep into the bedclothes. I don't know how long we lay there, neither of us daring to say a word. Then I heard Patty giggle, and when I peeped out from beneath the covers, I saw her pull the chain to the table lamp beside our bed.

"Aren't we silly?" she said. "There's nothing that can hurt us, and if there were, what good would it do to burrow in the bedclothes?"

Of course, I knew that this was true, and suddenly

By FRANCES CAVANAH

I felt very brave again. And no sooner had I begun to feel this way than we heard more footsteps down the hall. I looked at Patty, and Patty looked at me, and we both looked at the bedclothes. Then we pushed them away from us and sat up very straight. The footsteps paused before our door, and we heard a low call.

"Patty, dear, let me in!" It was Mrs. Fisher's voice—soft and kind again, no longer cross. The next instant she opened the door and came over and sat down on the side of the bed, her arm holding Patty close.

"My poor lambs!" she said, and held out her other arm to me.

All at once I seemed to realize I was very lonely for my mother and that no matter how sweet and beautiful a cousin Patty is, she's not quite so comforting at night. So I crawled across the

bed and snuggled inside the hollow of Mrs. Fisher's other arm.

"I don't see why you wouldn't let us in," said Patty in her straightforward way, looking up at Mrs. Fisher.

"I don't see why you were so cross," I added quickly.

I looked up at her, too, and it seemed to me that she was looking very red for a person who had been so pale only a minute before.

"It must have been because I was so tired," the



housekeeper explained haltingly, with long pauses between her words, "and a little—er—frightened myself—when you made that terrible racket on my door. I—I—I'm sure I didn't mean to be cross."

And she looked so sad and I felt so sorry for her—though I didn't know why I should—that I put my arms around her neck and whispered, "We know you didn't."

She smiled. "How would you like for me to make you two gingerbread men to-morrow?"

"Oh, oh!" I cried, clapping my hands softly, and "Oh, oh!" cried Patty. Then she added, remembering, I guess, what her mother had told us about not causing any extra work. "We'd love them if you're sure they wouldn't be too much trouble."

"No trouble at all," she assured us. "Now you must lie down and try to sleep, and I'll sit here by you till you drop off."

The next morning we had quite a disappointment. This was the day that Peg Patterson's father was to take our club for a ride in his new launch. Afterwards, we were planning to have a picnic supper and go in bathing on the Kentucky side. I wonder if many of you know what a wonderful feeling a big river like the Ohio gives you. Of course, the ocean gives you a much grander feeling, if you know what I mean, but then it's not so cozy, because you can't see anything on the other side. It's such fun to look at two states at once, and when I first moved to Fayetteville, I thought that one of the nicest things about the town was this. It seemed quite thrilling to me to be able to drop into another state for supper and then back home again by bedtime.

Our club was called the Jolly Half Dozen. As a general thing, we were rather jolly, too. But as for Patty and me, we weren't jolly when we looked out of the window that morning. No, indeed! There was a big gray cloud in the east, and it looked as though it might rain any minute.

We dressed quickly, and as we dressed we began to talk of our strange experience of the night before.

"I'm afraid we made Mrs. Fisher feel bad," said Patty. "We probably woke her up, and she said that she was scared, too."

"Yes, and she was nice afterwards," I answered. "I think it's lovely of her to make us those gingerbread men, don't you?"

"Tell you what," said Patty, "let's be just as nice to her as we can to-day. I'm going down to the greenhouse right now and pick her a bouquet before breakfast," she finished as she combed the last tangle out of her red-gold curls.

I followed her about ten minutes later. As I went into the dining room Mrs. Fisher was putting the finishing touches to the breakfast table. She



made some remark about the gingerbread men she would make for us as soon as she finished her work and smiled and patted me on the shoulder and seemed to do about everything she could to be nice to me.

Patty walked in with her bouquet, but I saw right away that she wasn't thinking of the flowers. She motioned to me behind the housekeeper's back, and I knew that she wanted to see me alone—that she must have something very important to tell me. I started to follow her out into the hall, when Mrs. Fisher turned and saw us.

"Sit right down, girls," she said. "Breakfast is ready."

After that, of course, there was nothing to do but to sit down, though I was fairly bursting with impatience. Patty gave the flowers to Mrs. Fisher, who was very much pleased with them. Then she left us for a moment to get something

from the kitchen.

"What is it?" I whispered, but evidently Patty was afraid we might be overheard, because she began to talk to me in the deaf and dumb language. The housekeeper came back just then, bringing the bacon and hot biscuits. The minute she was out of the room again, Patty began once more to try to tell me something on her fingers. I had been learning the finger alphabet, but I didn't know it very well yet. About all I could make out were the words "open" and "window," and I didn't see much sense to that.

As we were eating, the rain began to come down. My cousin and I nearly always spent the rainy days in the roomy old attic at the top of the house, so I was not at all surprised to hear her whisper to me after we were through, "Go up to the attic and wait for me. I'll be there in a minute."

But it was more than a minute before I saw Patty Morrison again. I climbed the steep staircase that led to the old attic, with its spinning wheel in the corner, its discarded old furniture, its trunks holding bright, shimmering gowns of another century, and the interesting old carved chest which overflowed with treasures on those rainy days that Aunt May found time to come upstairs and open it for us.

As I waited the rain poured on the roof in the fascinating pitter-patter that I loved to hear. And as it fell, it seemed to say, "Patty—hurry—up! Patty—hurry—up!"

Finally Patty came—very breathless and excited—and threw off the raincoat she had worn to pro-

tect her from the shower. "It's closed," she announced, in the very tone of voice she always uses when we play show together.

"What's closed?" I asked. For the life of me, I couldn't make out what she was talking about.

"The window over the kitchen, of course."

I was so disappointed that I couldn't keep from showing it. "Well, was *that* why you were making all those signs at the breakfast table? I don't see anything in that to get excited about."

"But when I went after the flowers this morning, the window was open," she insisted. "I tell you, Patsy Spaulding, that window has never been open since I can remember. That was what I was trying to make you understand at breakfast."

"Perhaps John raised it from the outside," I suggested.

"Why *should* he?" Patty demanded. "And how *could* he? None of our ladders are high enough to reach that window. Don't you see," she went on, when I still looked dubious, "that place over the kitchen must be the mystery room that Mr. Whitney talked about. There's no other place in this house where there could be a secret room anyway."

"And there must be an invisible door someplace," I cried, now as excited as my cousin, "and I bet it's in the north wall of Mrs. Fisher's room. It must be, because her bedroom is right next to that place over the kitchen."

"We've got to go over every inch of that wall, Patsy, until we find the secret spring or whatever it is that will open the door for us."

"Let's play we are detectives and solve the mystery," I suggested.

"Play we are detectives?" said Patty scornfully. "Why, we *are* detectives, you little goose. Let's go over and sit on the old sofa and think it all out, just as real—I mean *other* detectives would."

But here another surprise awaited us—there was no sofa. The old couch that had always stood under the east window was gone.

"That's funny," said Patty. "Mother thought a lot of that old thing—said it was very valuable and that she was going to have it done over some day.

It belonged to Great-grandmother Belden, and Mother wouldn't have given it away and she certainly wouldn't have sold it."

She stopped suddenly, and I followed her gaze to a far, shadowy corner of the attic, where the old carved chest stood. "What is it?" I whispered.

"I thought I saw something move," she answered softly.

I laughed. "Goosey! I don't see a thing, and I don't believe you did either."

Patty must have felt rather foolish, for she gave a queer, little shaky laugh and said, "I guess my imagination must be working overtime, as old Mr. Whitney would say."

By this time the rain had stopped and, looking out of the east window, we saw that the sun was shining just as brightly as though there had never been any rain to tease us. Just then we heard a bell down on the first floor and—in another minute—Mrs. Fisher calling Patty to the phone.

It was Peg Patterson on the wire to tell us that her father thought the day would be a fine one after all and for us to meet them at the boat house at 1 o'clock. We had

promised to take sandwiches as our part of the lunch, and I suggested that we not bother the housekeeper but make them ourselves, just as soon as we had made our bed and dusted our room. Mrs. Fisher was not in the kitchen when we came down a little later, and after making sure that there was plenty of ham in the ice box, we strolled down to the grocery store to buy some bread. We were back in fifteen minutes and while Patty was buttering the slices I went to the ice box, but to my surprise there was no ham.

"That's funny," exclaimed Patty. "I wonder where Mrs. Fisher is."

"There's nothing to do but to buy some sandwich filling," I answered. "I'll run down to the store while you ask John if he will pull us some fresh lettuce."

When I came back Patty was talking away, at a great rate, to Mrs. Fisher in the kitchen, telling her about our picnic and—to my surprise—about our hollow tree postoffice and the letters and gifts we

(Continued on page 548)



CHIP'S CHUMS

BY MARJORIE BARROWS



The circus had come to town, but Ted and Dick and Betsy Ann didn't have any money to buy tickets. They stood up on the gate and watched the parade go by.



After it had passed, they found a clown's jumping rope in the dusty road. They picked it up and ran and ran and ran after that parade.



The clown thanked them for returning the rope, and said they could earn three tickets if the boys would like to water the elephants. Like to? Well, even Chip said yes!



My, but those pails were heavy, and maybe those elephants weren't thirsty! But they forgot all that when a man gave them each a free ride on an elephant's back.



And then came front seats in the big tent and THE CIRCUS! When they came back to earth they had all about decided to be cowboys and bareback riders some day.

L. M. D.



Mothers. Put the Kiddies to Bed in



Bi-Knit Sleeping Garments

and they will be warm and comfortable all night—protected against chills, even if they should kick off the covers.



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"M" Bi-Knit is a new, scientifically constructed knitted fabric (single thickness) that cannot irritate the tender skin of children. Soft cotton on the inside for comfort, part wool on the outside for needed warmth.

"M" Bi-Knit is made of new clean cotton and wool. It is odorless and sanitary.



Infants' Shirts

are also made of this new fabric, giving baby the utmost comfort and protection. Doctors say, "Why didn't someone think of it before? Every child should wear shirts and sleeping garments made of Bi-Knit fabric."

If you cannot obtain "M" Bi-Knit Garments at your Dry Goods Store, write us for circular and prices.

"M" Garments include every underwear need for infants and children from birth to sixteen years—shirts and bands for infants—waist union suits, plain union suits, and separate garments for boys and girls in standard cotton and part-wool fabrics, always full size, skillfully tailored, neatly finished, comfortable, long-wearing. Only the "M" Bi-Knit Shirts and "M" Bi-Knit Sleeping garments are made of the new Bi-Knit fabric.

The "M" trademark is a certainty of satisfaction in infant's and children's underwear. Ask for "M" Garments at your Dry Goods Store.

Minneapolis Knitting Works, Minneapolis, Minn.



GARMENTS

The PERFECT UNDERWEAR for CHILDREN

Infants' Shirts and Bands, Children's Waists, Union Suits, Waist Union Suits and Sleeping Garments

C. L. SEWING CIRCLE



Conducted by ALICE COLBY JUDSON

YOU ARE INVITED TO A
CHILD LIFE APRON PARTY
 IN THE SEWING ROOM
 SATURDAY MORNING BRING MATERIALS

NOW isn't that wonderful?" exclaimed Jane, happily, as she read the little note of invitation Doris sent her. "Only this very morning my teacher said we must do some original sewing for class, and now we're going to meet and we'll all work together!"

"It came just the right time for me, too," said Frances, who had walked home with Jane, "because I am to make a serving apron for my class in home economics, and it will be much more fun to do it in a circle meeting than by myself."

"Let's ask Doris if we can help her get ready for the meeting," suggested Frances; so taking along an extra apple for their friend, the two girls hurried over to the next house to offer their services.

Doris was very glad to have assistance, for her mother had promised her that the circle might use her sewing machines for this meeting. She had two, an old foot-running machine which was still quite good, and a new electric. She promised to show the girls how to operate both, provided they would arrive a half an hour before the time the circle was to meet.

So promptly at nine Saturday morning, Jane and Frances appeared at Doris's door, their materials packed neatly in sewing bags. They felt very wise and important, being asked to help with sewing machines, for they had used those tools only a very little.

Doris's mother showed them how to clean the machines, wiping every single speck of dust from top and bottom and the unexpected underneath places. Then the machines were oiled and again wiped off. That was even more interesting than the cleaning and most important, too. Last, they threaded needles, wound bobbins and set the machines in the best light.

Such pretty aprons as that circle did turn out! It would be fun if every Child Life Circle in the country could have seen them!

Frances made her serving apron of a fine quality of white percale. The shoulder straps were cut 4 and $\frac{1}{2}$ inches by 36 inches—this made a finished strap 2 by 35. The apron part was 27 by 15 which allowed for a 2-inch hem on the bottom and 1 inch on the sides; the pocket, a square of 5 inches, made an inch hem at the top and allowed for seams on the 3 sides, while the little upper section above the belt was 8 by 9 inches which made a nice hem at the top and allowed for all seams. She made the pocket first, set it on, and hemmed the main section. Next she made the upper part, straps and all. Last she put top and bottom together on the belt and the thing was done.

Betty made a serving apron, too; only hers was made of cambric—any nice white material that launders well is good to use.

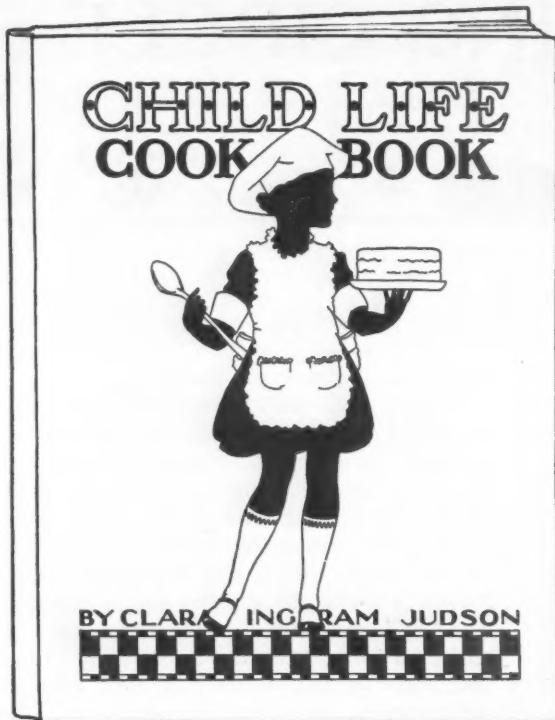
Doris made a cooking apron of cream-color muslin on which she appliqued pink flowers and green leaves (cut from scraps of wash materials she found in the piece bag). To get the size, she experimented with a newspaper pattern till she got just exactly the right length. The strings she made from pink ribbon. This sort of apron would be nice made all in muslin, too, with a cross-stitch design worked on the pocket.

Virginia made a stunning all-over apron of black sateen. She found that 2 yards and $\frac{1}{4}$ (81 inches) was the best length for her, while 23 inches was the width. Four inches wider would have been all right, too. She cut a diamond-shaped hole in the center for the neck, used part of that scrap for the pocket which she trimmed with bright blue and green cross-stitch and cut the belt from the strips at the side.

But when Jane unpacked her bag everyone stopped work to exclaim. For her material consisted of nothing but an old shirt of her father's and some 5-cent-a-yard cotton gimp. From the best part of the back of the shirt, she cut a pointed oval the length and width to fit her height.

(Continued on page 547)





Here's Our Own
**COOK
BOOK**
*—And a Surprise
for YOU*

THINK of it! There's a CHILD LIFE Cook Book full of interesting recipes by Clara Ingram Judson. It's much bigger than this picture—nearly as large as CHILD LIFE itself—and it's bound in a washable oilcloth cover. You want one, don't you?

Here's the Surprise

This CHILD LIFE Cook Book is to be sold at stores for \$1.50. But you can have it FREE. To every boy or girl who sends us a new subscription for some one else not in their own family we will give a Cook Book. All you need to do is to show CHILD LIFE to the mother of some of your friends and tell them how much fun you have every time CHILD LIFE comes in its new wrapper every month. Explain that it's 35 cents a copy but only \$3.00 if taken by the year. Then tell them that if they take it from you, you'll get this Cook Book.

Remember, we can make this special offer to you only because we want *new* subscribers. You'll be sure these are new boys and girls so we can have more new readers for our CHILD LIFE.

Think of the fun you can have cooking all kinds of things for Daddy and Mother or having parties and picnics of your own! The CHILD LIFE Cook Book tells you just how to do these things, and one new subscription brings it to you!

P. S. If you'd rather not earn it, we shall send the Child Life Cook Book prepaid for \$1.50; 10c postage.

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CHICAGO



HARVEST time of year always brings baskets full of good things with which cooks can make delicious meals. September is about the middle of harvest; many good fruits and vegetables have come; some, even, are gone; later vegetables

COOKING FRESH CORN

By CLARA INGRAM JUDSON
Author of "Cooking Without Mother's Help," "Junior Cook Book," "Sewing Without Mother's Help," "Jean and Jerry, Detectives," etc.

If you live in the city, be sure you get into the country every time you can. School begins this month, but still you have Saturdays for rides and out-of-town fun. So get to the big out-of-doors every time you can. Don't you love it? And as you ride along, be sure to notice all the lovely things nature is doing—the apples that, hidden deep among green leaves, nature is painting red, the grapes that by now hang in great luscious clusters, the gardens full of cabbages and great, red tomatoes and egg plants and peppers, to say nothing of dozens of other good things. It fairly makes you hungry to look! And it is easy to understand why we should eat a great many vegetables and plenty of fruit, for those foods, more than any other kinds, store up the sunshine and fresh air we need to make us strong and energetic.

So, of course, we want a lesson on vegetables this month and what could be better than fresh corn? That's something everyone likes, isn't it? It is most important to know how to cook it well, so that every bit of the natural goodness is retained.



"No time lost between stalk and pot" is a good slogan a farmer

There is one rule about corn we must get into our minds first—it must be fresh. If you have your own garden, always pick the corn just before mealtime.

—it must be fresh. If you have your own garden, always pick the corn just before mealtime.

"No time lost between stalk and pot" is a good friend used to tell us. A good method is to put on the big kettle of water and, while it is coming to a boil, run out and pick the corn, husk it and drop it into the water as it comes to a boil. This is not just a foolish idea; there is a real reason. Corn sugar turns to starch and the turning begins as soon as the corn is picked. Therefore, if the corn is eaten at once, it will be very sweet, and the longer the time between picking and eating, the less sweet it will taste.

If you have no garden of your own, do not be discouraged; you can get excellent corn at the market, and farmers are now growing the kinds of corn that hold sweetness the longest. Select the ears carefully, making sure that you buy those that are firm and have fresh, green husks, rather than yellow, dry ones. As soon as the corn is brought into the kitchen (either by yourself or the grocery man) put it in a cool, dark place; leave the husks on to protect the kernels. This is very important.

About forty minutes before mealtime (take more time if you have a large family and many ears to husk and less time if you have only three or four to do) go to the kitchen, spread down a big newspaper to catch the muss and husk the corn. After



**"'Aint we got fun'
galloping on the
GO-PONY?"**



FREE

A paper moving picture book that shows the GO-PONY in action will be sent free to every little boy or girl who writes for it.

"You bet we have fun. We like the GO-PONY better than any of our other playthings. We play with it all year 'round for we can ride it in the house or out of doors. The GO-PONY has an easy gallop, and we couldn't possibly fall off."

The GO-PONY is a wonderful plaything for children; they do not grow tired of it, it gives them healthful exercise, it is durably made, and will last for years. The GO-PONY is rubber protected to prevent marring floors. It is attractively finished in white, red, or tan.

GO-PONY

PAT. PENDING

GALLOPS AS IT ROCKS

If the stores in your city cannot supply you with this newest thing in playthings, send \$9.50 and we will see that you are supplied at once. If you are in any way dissatisfied, your money will be refunded.

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Enclosed find \$9.50 for which send me one GO-PONY, express prepaid—at once.

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Street

City State

Send one in Red White Tan

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the big leaves are removed, go over each ear with great care to make sure that every speck of silk is removed. We think corn silk is beautiful. Did you ever make dolls of string and paper with lovely, long corn silk hair? It's lots of fun! But corn silk doesn't look pretty on cooked corn, so be sure you take off every single bit before you do anything else.

Now put the clean ears of corn on a fresh cloth—an old napkin or a tea towel—on the table; tidy up the muss and you are ready for cooking. We are going to learn two or three recipes, and every one but the plain-boiled corn can be made with canned corn, so remember that when you copy your rules in your notebook. You can have corn dishes all the year around.

CORN ON THE COB

For cooking eight medium-sized ears of corn, put 2 quarts of water on to boil.

When it is boiling briskly, drop in the corn, one ear at a time, being careful not to splash.

Cover tightly and boil for 12 minutes from the time boiling begins again.

After the corn has been boiling for 8 minutes, add 1 tablespoonful of salt to the water and cover tightly again. Late in the season corn must boil longer—as long as 20 minutes if it is tough. Tap one kernel with the tip of your finger nail and, if a little tap leaves a print, boil 12 minutes. If you have to press rather hard to make a dent, boil 20 minutes; if only middling hard, 16 minutes. Sounds like the story of the three bears, doesn't it?

Remove corn from the kettle with a long-handled fork.

Arrange neatly on a folded napkin (to absorb the steam) on a serving dish.

Serve immediately with butter and salt.

PICNIC CORN

Camp fire cooking of corn is done exactly the same way as if cooked in a kitchen. Have the pot of water at a boil before the corn is put in. If you have not brought enough salt to take 1 tablespoonful for the lot, save the salting to be done when the corn is eaten.

CORN OYSTERS

Cut corn from the cob until you have 1 cupful.

Add 2 eggs, $\frac{3}{4}$ teaspoonful salt,

2 tablespoonfuls milk

1 tablespoonful flour.

Beat till creamy.

Drop by spoonfuls into hot fat and fry till brown.

This is a good breakfast or luncheon dish, and can be made from left-over corn, or canned corn as well as from fresh ears.

BAKED CORN

Mix together 2 cupfuls of corn cut from the cob (or canned corn) with

1 egg (well beaten)

2 tablespoonfuls butter

$\frac{3}{4}$ cupful milk

1 teaspoonful sugar

1 teaspoonful salt.

Pour into a buttered baking dish and bake 40 minutes in a moderate oven.

Cracker crumbs sprinkled on the top before baking make a pretty finish.

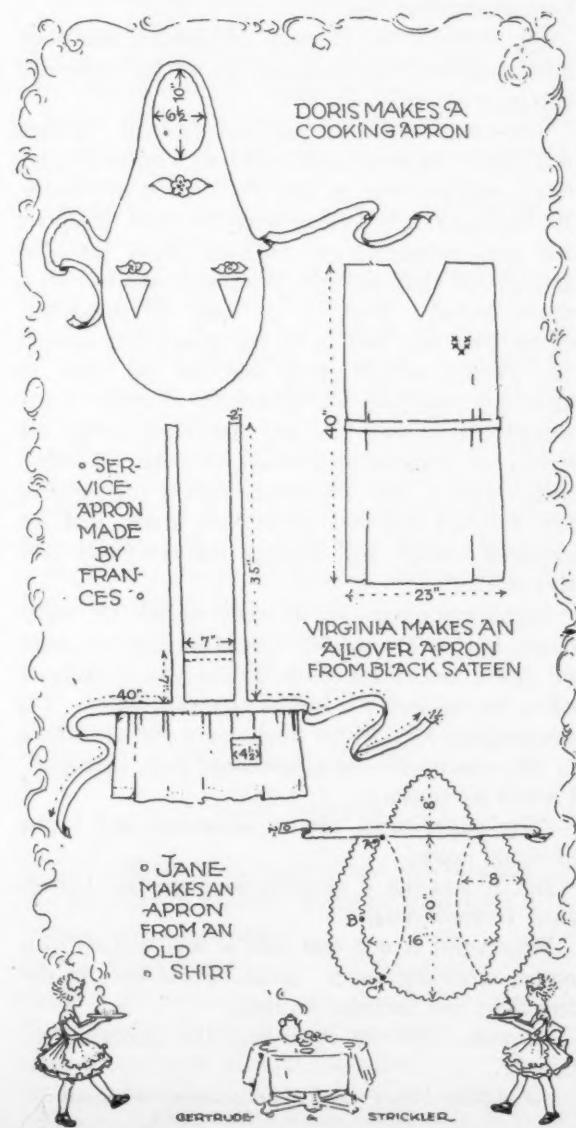
C. L. SEWING CIRCLE

(Continued from page 543)

(First she cut a newspaper pattern, of course.) From the best parts of the fronts, she cut the two small sections. From the sleeves and scraps of the back, she cut the belt and pocket. She stitched the gimp trimming around all edges but the belt, then lapped the side sections under the main center section, and stitched where there is a dotted line in the picture. Pinning the upper part she stitched from C to B, but from B to A left it open for a pocket.

Catherine had bought some very pretty lavender organdy and white lace, and she cut her apron by Jane's pattern. It looked charming with the frilly lace around so many edges and she said she intended to wear it when she helped her mother serve tea.

At twelve o'clock the Sewing Circle put on their new aprons and went to the kitchen and cooked lunch. That's putting aprons to good use, isn't it?





Children's properly built School Shoes for Schooltime



Tan Gum Sole Boot
price from \$6.50

Tan Russia Oxford
price from \$7.00

Black Gym Oxford
price from \$5.25

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Leggings made to
match the coat
and hat

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415 Fifth Avenue
15 East 57th Street
New York

PLAYING STORE

By GERTRUDE LEE CROUCH

WHO doesn't like to play store? I'll tell you how to start business without money!

You will need some old magazines, some cardboard or stiff paper, scissors and paste, wrapping paper and string. In the magazines you will find pictures of ever so many things which grocers sell: ham, cereals, soups, soap, baking powder, oranges, peanut butter—you know as well as I do. After you have laid in a good stock of provisions, cut them out and paste them on the cardboard or stiff paper, so they may be used many times. Then select your store and arrange your stock. Make it look very nice and your friends will want to buy. Decide what price you will ask for each article. Of course, your customers must have paper money. You will need some, too, in order to make change.

The paper and string are for wrapping the parcels. You may need to hire a boy to deliver the groceries.

There are many other kinds of stores one may have—automobile showrooms, flower and seed stores, piano and phonograph stores, drug stores; or you may open up a real estate tract with pretty houses and gardens arranged on a table.



TAGAFLAG

By Y. Z. MUTS

IN this game sides are formed and each side takes a different flag—say one blue and one white one. The United States Army and Navy pennants may be substituted, or any school, college or town flags. In no case should the flag of the nation be chosen, as it would be unpatriotic for either side to defeat it. Teams have an equal number of players.

A line is cut or chalked on the ground between the two contending forces. About four to six yards from the line the flag should be planted in the team's own court. It is the object of the game to defend the chosen flag and at the same time to capture the flag of the opponent. To this end, several guards stand by the flag to prevent its falling into the enemy's hands, while the other players of the team cover the line as raiders to try and capture the opposing flag. It is the business of the guards to tag any one who approaches the flag. Every one so tagged is obliged to drop out of the game.

Some skill is required to capture the trophy. The raiders dodge the tagging of the guards, and two or three may sacrifice themselves for the good of the team and so engage the attention of the guards while a fellow-raider steals the flag.

When a flag is taken the losers must march around the court with hands up, as prisoners of war behind the victors, who carry both flags and head the parade.

THE TREASURE OF BELDEN PLACE

(Continued from page 540)

left for each other there. I was a little provoked about it for a minute—to think that Patty would tell the new housekeeper about it when we had always kept it a secret from *everybody*, that is, everybody but our mothers.

But the next minute I wasn't provoked at all, for Mrs. Fisher was saying, "Sure, I think it a fine thing to do. What would you say if I left a little surprise for you there sometime?"

"You mean our gingerbread men?" I cried.

The housekeeper laughed pleasantly. "I'm not saying, but you'd better keep sharp eyes on your postoffice for awhile.

"That sandwich filling's fine," she changed the subject abruptly, "but how would you like some ham sandwiches, too?"

She went to the ice box and opened the door. And there was the ham, just as we had seen it a half hour before.

There was no time to stop and figure it out then and there—we were in too much of a hurry to have lunch and get over to Mr. Patterson's boathouse. We had a perfectly scrumptious time that afternoon and went swimming and built castles in the sand and played that we were princesses wrecked on a desert island. That is, we were all princesses, except Peg, who had to be the prince who rescued us. Then it seemed pretty hard for one prince to have five princesses on his hands, so Patty and I turned into princes, too, and that made things just right. As evening drew near, although we didn't really need it, Mr. Patterson built a big, blazing fire, just for the fun of it, you know, and we gathered around and toasted marshmallows and told stories.

Night was almost on us when we left the boathouse, but we assured Mr. Patterson that we could get home before the dark caught us. I stopped when we reached our hollow tree postoffice. "Do you suppose Mrs. Fisher might have put something in this afternoon—our gingerbread men, perhaps?" I asked my cousin.

"She might have," Patty answered, and I put my hand inside.

But it was not a gingerbread man that I drew out. It was a note.

We opened it and saw that it was written in a round, scrawling hand. Straining our eyes in the dim light, we managed to read:

"Bewear. Do not come near the hidden room. Bewear."

(Part III of "The Treasure of Belden Place" will appear in the October issue of CHILD LIFE.)

THE STORY OF THE UNHAPPY PRINCE

(Continued from page 537)

"Oh, the very best vegetables," said the Queen, "from Greenfields and Company, purveyors to his Majesty the King."

"H-m," mused the little old lady. "Did the little boy *pick* the vegetables?"

"Oh, no, indeed!" said the court.

"Did he *water* them everyday?"

"Indeed not," said everybody in surprise.

"Well, did he plant them, or weed them, or do *anything* for them?"

"Of course not," sniffed the Wise Man.

The old lady shrugged her shoulders. "Where was the soup cooked?"

"In the castle kitchens," said the Queen.

"Did the little boy make the fire?"

"Heavens, no!" answered everybody.

"Or gather the wood?" No one answered. "Or chop it, or stir the soup, or mend the fire?" Each time the little Prince shook his head.

"Well," said the little old lady, dryly. "Then how can you expect the soup to taste as good as it did in my little house?"

"What does she mean?" said the Queen, turning to the Wise Man.

The Wise Man rubbed his nose in bewilderment. "I don't know," he admitted.

"Oh, Mother," said the Prince, "I know what the little old lady means. You see, I must help. I must *earn* my soup. Mother, let me go back with the little old lady!"

But the little old lady was gone, and the Prince never saw her again, or the little house in the woods. But he never forgot what he learned from her—no never, and when he grew to be a great big man, he was the wisest and the kindest king that the kingdom had ever known.



HONEY DEW

DIXIE WILLSON

SUN and the wind and the rain on a meadow!
Red clover blossoms, a-sparkle with dew!
Drowsy-sweet humming
Of honeybees coming,
Stealing the dewdrops to take them to you!
Carrying dust of the heart of the clover
Over the meadow with tireless wings,
Honey for children—enough the world over!
Sweet flower-dew, that the honeybee brings!



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In the event of a tie, prizes will be awarded to both
Winners will be announced in November CHILD LIFE

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USING THE OUT-OF-DOORS

By CLARA INGRAM JUDSON

HOW cool and comfortable you all look!" exclaimed Mrs. Jennings. She paused at the door to note the picture before her.

The rectangular porch opened from the dining room and was screened and shaded. Along one side was a bench, low enough for comfort, wide enough to admit of piled up pillows in gay gingham covers. At one corner a table was built in front of the bench and a settee pulled up opposite, making seats for four or five people. At the other corner a low sandtable with two small chairs provided a playground for a bright-eyed boy of three and the table top, leaned against the wall, showed that the sand-table could be converted into a regular kindergarten table if desired.

At the built-in table a boy of about eight and a girl of ten or thereabouts were working out a puzzle picture and a low wicker chair with a darning basket close-by showed what the mother had been doing before she had gone to greet her caller, an old friend who had been six months away enjoying the sights of Europe.

"It's quite the loveliest sight that I've seen since I left home!" added Mrs. Jennings.

"Now aren't you nice to be so enthusiastic!" exclaimed Mrs. Elton, much pleased. "We love it and we've had—oh, I can't tell you what good times we have had right here, this summer."

"How did you happen to build it and how did you get it done so quickly?" asked Mrs. Jennings. "I suspect a story, so tell me all about it." And she seated herself comfortably in the other wicker chair.

"Shall we tell her all about it, children?" asked Mrs. Elton.

"Yes, do!" urged Ellen, and she slipped away from her game at the table and stood against her mother's chair.

"It started with a combination of beautiful spring evenings and Ellen," began Mrs. Elton, with a smile. "You know the evenings that come along in May—how they tempt you out-of-doors? Well, like everyone else, we wanted to go, too. But baby Joan was not yet two months old and you know I never have a nurse for my babies. I prefer to care for them myself. So I couldn't go driving hardly at all. Then the car was always out of fix and John was talking about turning it in for a new one, only we couldn't decide how much more to spend on a car, for we hadn't as yet made plans for the summer vacation. One beautiful evening—after one of those first hot days when you feel you can't stand the house another hour, you know—we were sitting in the living room and all a bit weary. Ellen stood at the window, looking longingly out. Suddenly she said, 'It seems funny that the out-of-doors is so hard to get. Why, there's really lots of it!'

"Such a phrase to set one thinking! Why of course there is lots of out-of-doors—in summer, autumn, spring and beautiful old winter. Only we shut ourselves up in houses so that we hardly know how to breathe. Suddenly it all seemed very silly

to me. The staying indoors, the struggle for an expensive vacation, the everlasting driving, driving in cars—all for air of which God gives us so much.

"The upshot of it all was that I asked John to give me half the money he would spend for our vacation or a new car—I didn't care which way he figured it—and I would agree to furnish us all with a good vacation at home—one that would make us feel rested and refreshed without the stress and strain that going away with youngsters so often entails. With the money—and it wasn't so much either—we enlarged our old back porch—you know it was just too small to be much account—screened it and built in the bench and table. And we live out here, literally live here from morning till night. We eat here, all three meals, we work and play here and, oh you don't *know* what good times we have had!"

"Best of all," continued Mrs. Elton, with an affectionate look toward Ellen, "we have had our good times together. At a resort we were so often separated, each in our own age group and it was as bad as in school days! But here we have mornings together and we've really got acquainted. Of course, we don't literally stay here *all* the time, for we each have outings to take, and friends to enjoy. But our best times are when we are here, out-of-doors, and together."

"It sounds wonderful, and looks better still," said Mrs. Jennings. "I wonder more young mothers don't follow your example. Time enough to be traveling around when your children are as old and married off as mine! Not that I mind a vacation—sometimes getting away is what one most needs. But for everyday and at home, I wish we had more simple out-of-door life. The children would be better, both in body and in character, and we ourselves would feel less strained and nervous."

"That's what I think," said Mrs. Elton. "And now that the summer is nearly over, the children and I already are laying plans for next year. Ellen is going to get all the lunches—she can nearly do it now—and Jack is going to do breakfasts. He likes early rising and he wants to know how to cook so he can go camping with the boys. Coffee, toast, bacon, eggs, and such breakfast dishes are the very things he most wants to learn, while Ellen likes to make salads and things you bake and such."

"And we love being with Mother—she's such fun!" added Ellen, shyly.

"Companionship and fresh air—that's what this summer means to us, and such a success as it has been. And to think that the out-of-doors and all this fun was here all the time ready for the taking! I wonder how many other fine things in life we miss just by following a rut, eyes on our old habits. For myself, I mean to watch for new pleasures like this. Nothing like fresh air to get the cobwebs off one's mind."

And she reached for her darning basket while Ellen slipped in for a pitcher of iced tea she had fixed for four o'clock serving.

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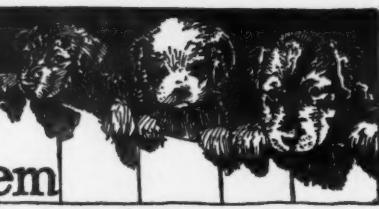
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WHO'S WHO IN THE ZOO

Number XXXIII

By RUTH BRADFORD

FARMERS call me the most useful bird in the world. Think of that! You see I eat over sixty kinds of weeds, such as ragweed, chickweed and sorrel, that are apt to harm their crops, and I also am very fond of eating about 140 different insect pests—such as Rocky Mountain locusts, chinch bugs, grasshoppers, cotton worms and the Colorado potato beetles. In fact we are so useful to farmers that there are laws to protect us from hunters who would like to make a meal of us. For only a few weeks every fall are sportsmen allowed to shoot us and they have to pay money in order to have that chance. Game wardens feel sorry for us during cold and stormy weather. You see we do not migrate as so many other birds do. So the game wardens and farmers feed us, when we can't find food for ourselves. In many states there are great preserves where we birds can live in peace and raise large families. Our babies are often shipped to different parts of the country where they want to get rid of the insect pests we like to eat. (They *do* say we eat our own weight of insects every day!)

We are field birds and are found in fields adjoining woodlands in almost all sections of America. Our habits are rather like those of the hens in your own chicken yard. That is, our wives may lay about eighteen white eggs in a brood, and our young leave the nest almost as soon as they are hatched and find food with the help of the mother bird. We make our nests of grass on the ground, hidden carefully away among stubble or under a stump. We are a very devoted family and the next time you get out in a field you may see a mother about ten inches long and some of her baby chicks. Our scientific name is *COLINUS VIRGINIANUS*, but our everyday name I am sure you know already. We whistle it every day!

WHO'S WHO in the ZOO

Conducted by RUTH BRADFORD



NUMBER THIRTY-THREE

Dear Children: Read about me on page 554, then tell my name and color me in my really truly colors. Mail me so I'll reach Ruth Bradford, CHILD LIFE, 536 S. Clark Street, Chicago, Ill., before September 12. Be sure to send your name

and age and address with the page you color. The two best pages and answers by a girl win a prize, and so do the two best pages and answers by a boy. The names of the boys and girls who do the next best pages and answers are listed on our Honor Roll.



CHILD LIFE LITERARY CONTEST

"What I Like Best in CHILD LIFE—and Why"

Dear Contest Editor:

What I like best in the CHILD LIFE are the letters written by the children in different countries of the world, because it gives us the knowledge of foreign child life which we do not get from our study of them in books. Some of us will even get our geography, locate and study about the place from which they are writing and are telling us about. This revives our interest in geography. Also when we answer we try to write our very best and use the best of grammar, which helps us in our school work.

Before we read these letters in the CHILD LIFE we were ignorant of what the boys and girls of the foreign countries were doing. Our interest was only for the children in the locality in which we live, children of our own country.

Our exchange of letters with the boys and girls—their address which we learned through the CHILD LIFE—we learn more of their family life and of their mothers, fathers, sisters and brothers. Finally there springs up a feeling of friendship and love which will last forever.

This friendship and love of our American children for children of foreign countries, may some day help to solve the terrible problem of war, and all because one time in our lives we read and learned of them through the letters in the wonderful magazine, CHILD LIFE.

THEO. M. BARNETT,
Point Pleasant,
W. Va., R. F. D., 2

Age 12. (\$20.00 prize)

Dear Contest Editor:

What I like best in CHILD LIFE is the *Good Citizens' League* department because I believe this department, if studied carefully, will help every boy and girl to become better citizens.

The better the citizens, the better will be our country, and the boys and girls of to-day are to be the future citizens of this country of ours.

We girls and boys of to-day are each striving for an education which will best prepare us for social service to our fellow-man. It is a fact that our attitude toward our fellow-man is largely due to our training—that we will be either selfish or unselfish according to this training.

This thought should be constantly in the minds of the boys and girls of to-day, for we are the future citizens of our country. We should strive to develop within ourselves ideals of service to parents, brothers, sisters, relatives, friends, and playmates. We should strive to compete honorably with our neighbors, and to work for the good of the group. We should also consider the results of our actions.

If we are to accomplish our best work in this world, we must train ourselves to the social habit of kindness to our fellow-man as well as all animals, to the habits of thoughtfulness, co-operation, honesty, promptness, industry, obedience, and patriotism.

I like this department best because I believe if the boys and girls who read CHILD LIFE will observe closely the motto, creed, and pledge and live up to all the teachings of the league, they will become better citizens in the future. If they live up to the creed and keep this pledge it is sure to make of them better boys and girls. Good boys and girls make good men and women; good men and women make good citizens; likewise good citizens make a good country.

LUCILE DE VALL
Ellisville, Miss.

Age 10. (\$10.000 prize)

Dear Contest Editor:

When I read that you wanted us children to write and tell what we liked best about CHILD LIFE, it reminded me of a story mother tells on me. She says that when I was very small a lady offered me a piece of candy from a large box of chocolates lying on her table. I stood on tiptoe looking at them for several minutes, then remarked: "They all look like they taste the best." It is so hard to choose but I think what I like best of all in the children's own magazine are the *Illustrated Poems*. The illustrations mean so much to us children in the hospital, because when we do not feel like reading we can lie and look at the pictures. They are ever so much nicer than the newspaper funnies

and most as good as seeing a movie. I always read the poems first and start with the greeting page which has just the right name. When you lift up the cover and see it, you've just about the same feeling as when you open the door and see your best friend who has come to play a while. The cover design on CHILD LIFE is the loveliest I have ever seen on any magazine—much more beautiful than on the ones mother buys for herself. Mother sees that I get my CHILD LIFE every month and I always pass it on to be read and returned by some child less fortunate. Some children like the stories best, but I like to learn the poems by heart and to whisper them to myself just before I go to sleep. I can't imagine what I would do without CHILD LIFE.

DOROTHY WOOLEVER

Room 612,
Grant Hospital,
Columbus, Ohio.

Age 11. (\$8.00 prize)

Dear Contest Editor:

I like CHILD LIFE best of all the magazines I get. I get some days other magazines for children. I get Nature Magazine every month like grown-ups. My Daddy sends me *Fillette* every week from Paris, France, where my French grandmother is.

My Mommie gets me CHILD LIFE. When I am waiting for CHILD LIFE, I am very happy. When I have it, I am even happier still.

There are so many nice things, I can hardly tell what I like best or why or which. I always turn quick to the Cut-Outs. I like the little *House-up-in-the-Tree* poem. I like the poems that are so lovely. In the morning the sunshine makes a sort of a little rainbow up on my ceiling. I look at it and play the *Brownie Peekaboo* has made it. When my mother wants me, I come dancing out of the bushes, playing that I'm the *Fairy Feather Toe*. Sometimes at night I think about the *Sandman Story*.

But I think I like really best the *Plays*, because they're cute and funny and laughy. They make me laugh with a great big laugh. I like them because the people talk themselves. It seems more like really truly things. I talk for *Betty Sue* and the paper doll fairies just like a Play, first one and then the other. I cut them out of CHILD LIFE because I had two alike. I play the fairies brought *Betty Sue* and *Sally Lou* to Fairyland. I love specially in the Plays *Pussy Willow* and the *Pirate of Pooh*, because I like fairies and pixies and pirates most of all. Mommie says I can keep the *Plays* for Always and Always.

A kiss to dear Rose Waldo and love from

CAROLINE HANWAY FRANK
302 Centre Street,
Kenneth Square, Pa. (Philadelphia)

Age 4½. (\$6.00 prize) Kenneth Square, Pa. (Philadelphia)
(Letter taken verbatim from child's dictation. She cannot write yet)—Age 4 years 6 mos.

Dear Contest Editor:

Every department in CHILD LIFE is so good and helpful, I hardly know which one I like the very best. But I finally have decided "*Our Work Shop*" is the best of all.

The work in this department is interesting to me because I like to work with tools.

Almost all of the designs are easy enough for a beginner like me to make with a little help from Daddy. They are nice enough for an older boy, too, so I'm saving my magazines until I get bigger.

Mother says this part of the magazine keeps me busy in my spare time from one month to the next, so that I do not want to go some other place to play all of the time.

I take my magazine to school and sometimes we get to make some of the things there.

My teacher likes this department, too. So all around I think this part of the magazine suits me the best.

BRUCE BERNDT,
Glasco, Kansas.

Age 8. (\$5.00 prize)

Continued on page 568

MAGIC WANDS

By HAZEL BORING

THE magic wand is a narrow stick of sealing wax. The gay-colored sticks of art wax, about six or seven inches long and one-half inch square, that you can buy in a ten-cent store make fine wands.

The magic itself you put into the wand with a piece of old flannel or fur.

The little people that you bewitch are tiny figures about $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches long that you cut from bright-colored tissue paper. They will look funnier when they are bewitched if you make their arms and legs as long as possible.

Perhaps Mother or Grandmother will show you how to cut a row of these figures at one time by folding a piece of tissue paper. If you make them like this, you must cut them apart, of course, so that each little figure will be separate. You may use little squares of tissue paper instead of the figures, only these do not look so comical when they are bewitched.

Two or more children may play a game of "Magic Wands." Each one must have a wand and a piece of old flannel or fur. Sit at a table or in a circle on the floor with a pile of the little tissue paper figures in the center.

If a number of you are playing, you will be less in one another's way, if you sit in two lines instead of a circle, and place the tissue paper figures in a row half-way between the lines.

Rub your wand briskly a few times with the piece of flannel and hold it over the pile of paper figures. Instantly, the figures are bewitched, leap into the air and stick fast to your wand. Draw in your wand, pull the little people from it, place them in front of you and go back after more. When your wand seems to be losing its power, give it a few rubs with the flannel.

Hold your wand over the pile of tissue-paper people five times—or as many times as you may all have decided upon. Then count the number of paper people in front of you. The one who has bewitched the largest number wins.

This game is only one of the many interesting ones you can play with your magic wand. You will think of many others yourself and will have no end of fun experimenting with the wand. If in your games or experiments your wand should break, use the longer piece as a wand. Or you can quite easily push the pieces together again if you will warm the broken ends.

You can make wands of other things besides sticks of sealing wax. For instance, if you rub a rubber side comb with a piece of flannel, little bits of tissue paper will fly to meet the comb.

It is the rubbing that gives the magic to the stick of sealing wax, or comb. This magic is electricity which is one of the most magical things in this magical world.



THINGS

POLLY CHASE

I HAVE a red Japan kimono,
An Indian suit with eagle feather,
I have a pair of overalls,
A waterproof for rainy weather.

I have a scooter and some marbles,
And lots of books! (I think it's five!)
But I like *best* my little lamb
Because, you see, my lamb's alive!

BEAN FLIP

By YOKEE Z. MUTS

THE leader, who also acts as scorekeeper, gives each player ten beans and places a numbered target upon the table. The target may be made at home by using a large sheet of plain paper and drawing circle within circle upon it. The smallest circle is formed by placing an after-dinner coffee cup or a baking powder can in the exact center of the paper, and drawing a pencil around the edge. For the next larger circle an inverted teacup may be used, then a saucer next, then a breakfast plate, and last, the largest-sized dinner plate. This makes five circles, including the bull's eye.

The center or bull's-eye is marked 100, the next circle 50, the next 25, the next 10 and the fifth circle 5. Each player in turn plays his ten beans by flipping them on the target until the leader has marked the player's score, and then the counters are returned and the next player flips his beans.

Any bean landing on the bull's-eye counts 100, the next circular place 50 and so on. A bean falling on any circle line counts only 3; it must snap into the space between the circles to gain the full count. Each player may have as many turns as time allows, and the player scoring the highest in the final count wins the game. If teams are formed, the total score on each side determines which team is victorious.

THE TRAVELING A B C

By FRANCES H. GAINES

THE next time you are taking a long drive or journey on the train, and you are tired of looking at the trees and houses and animals as you go along, try playing this game.

Look at the signs, the advertisements, names on passing machines or mail boxes—look everywhere—for the letters of the alphabet. You can't guess what fun it is to see who can first find all the letters from A to Z.

Begin with A of course, and keep right along down the alphabet, and remember you can only count a letter when it comes along just as you need it. Perhaps, you think it is too easy, but just try!

For instance, one day Jimmy and Martha were on the back seat of their daddy's machine, and the ride seemed very long, so they thought they'd like to race to see who would get to Z first. They both found A easily—each called out the letter when he saw it—and B and C, and then pretty soon they saw a D. Martha was quicker to catch sight of an E—it was the last letter on a sign that read: "FOR SALE."

But she didn't notice that the F was on that same sign too! So she had to watch and look for quite a while, when both she and Jimmy caught sight of a home-made sign in front of a neat little farmhouse. It said: HOME COOKING, Fried Chicken Dinners.

"E, F," cried Jimmy as they sped by. "F, G, H, I," fairly shouted Martha, whose sharp eyes had seen more than Jimmy's had. You see, it is easy to find the letters on a page before you, but you must be mighty quick to see them as you drive by them so fast.

Martha and Jimmy found it hard to see a J, but as they went through a town, there it was, on a sign over a little shop: "FOSS & JONES, PLUMBERS."

And so they kept on without much trouble until they came to Q. That was a hard one. I really think it was half an hour before Martha jumped in excitement, pointing to a gasoline station where she read: "QUALITY GASOLINE—Drive right in."

"Q!" she shouted, "there's a Q, Jimmy!" And Jimmy called out, "Yes and R, S, T, too!"

They were nearly to the end of the alphabet, and a signboard of "Climax Canned Goods" kindly gave them an X, which is pretty hard to find. They saw plenty of Ys but no Zs. It grew nearly dark and they were almost home when Martha called out, "I beat, I beat, there's a Z!" And sure enough, on the little sign post that told people the name of the street they saw "Manzanita Avenue."

So Martha won the game, and Mother and Father on the front seat said they had never known Jimmy and Martha to be so patient before on a long ride, and after supper time, too.

Try it yourself next time and see what fun it is!

CHILD LIFE LITERARY CONTEST

"What I Like Best in CHILD LIFE—and Why"

PRIZE WINNERS

FIRST PRIZE—\$20.00

THEO. M. BARNETT, Point Pleasant, W. Va., R. F. D. No. 2, age 12.

SECOND PRIZE—\$10.00

LUCILE DE VALL, Ellisville, Miss., age 10.

THIRD PRIZE—\$8.00

DOROTHY WOOLEVER, Room 612, Grant Hospital, Columbus, Ohio, age 11.

FOURTH PRIZE—\$6.00

CAROLINE HANWAY FRANK, 302 Center St., Kenneth Square, Philadelphia, Pa., age 4½.

FIFTH PRIZE—EACH \$5.00

BRUCE BERNDT, Glasco, Kans., age 8.

ALICE MARY ADAMS, Ute Trail Ranch, Pagoda, Colo., age 12.

SIXTH PRIZE—EACH \$3.00

NONA BOYETTE, 721 N. 13th St., Frederick, Okla., age 12.

BETTY BOOKOUT, Indianola, Miss., age 11.

ELOISE LULA PATTILLO, 708 N. Spring St., Pensacola, Fla., age 12.

F. G. LYONS, 7 N. Jackson St., Mobile, Ala., age 6.

ESTHER BARRON, Lexington, Georgia, age 11.

ADELE PALMER, King St., Portchester, New York.

MATHILDA SCHIRMER, 1909 Mohawk St., Chicago, Ill., age 13.

MOLLY BROWN, 109 Orange Ave., Ripon, Calif., age 11.

LOYAL D. LYONS, 7 N. Jackson St., Mobile, Ala., age 11.

ELIZABETH GREENE, 738 Belt Ave., St. Louis, Mo., age 11.

SEVENTH PRIZE—\$2.00 EACH

MARGARET HARDWICK, Box 637, Jerome, Idaho, age 11.

N. B. DOZIER, Jr., 404 Sunset Ave., Rocky Mount, N. C., age 9.

HUGH MORETZ, Hickory, N. C.

FLORENCE LARSON, R. R. 2, Twin Falls, Idaho, age 9.

ELIZABETH SAMPSON, Gothenberg, Nebr., age 12.

BETTY ROBERTS, 68 Thornton Ave., Sharon, Pa., age 13.

MARY BELL ARCHER, 136 Catalpa St., Clarksdale, Miss., age 11.

LOIS KNEE, Cordell, Okla.

MARIE TALBOTT, Lenox Place, Wheeling, W. Va., MARGARET RHODES, 9 Elm Place, Webster Groves, Mo.

EIGHTH PRIZE—\$1.00 EACH

RUTH GRALL, 323 E. Erie Ave., Lorain, Ohio, age 11.

HELMER HARVEY, Alama, Nev.

FRANK C. BANTA, Franklin, Ind., age 8.
 WILLIAM DETRICK, 324 N. Madriver St., Bellefontaine, Ohio, age 13.
 MARIETTA SHOUP, The Gardens, Dayton, Ohio, age 12.
 RUTH E. WILSON, R. R. 2, Pekin, Ill.
 DOROTHY MENZIES, 156 Tyson St., Newbrighton, Staten Island, N. Y., age 11.
 VIRGINIA SLOCUM, 102 Palm Ave., Warren, Pa., ETHEL KITTERMAN, Doland, S. Dak., age 11.
 GWENDOLYN DROLET, Box 28, Tuscaloosa, Ala., age 12.
 KATHERINE WHITTON, 1148 Pacific St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
 GERTRUDE STEPHENS, Clarkston, Mich., age 11.
 CHARLOTTE KNIGHT, Raymond, Alberta, Can., age 10.
 NANCY ROBERTS, Box 207, Lancaster, Mo.
 SUSANNA MAIER, 307 S. 4th Ave., Royersford, Pa.
 MARGARET WINN, 719 W. Jefferson St., Waxahachie, Tex., age 12.
 HARRIET GOSHORN, Route 1, Memphis, Tenn., SUZANNE HANNUM, 1105 Cambrea Ave., Windber, Pa., age 12.
 ESTHER SUMNER, Boulder, Mont.
 JOHN F. DUNN, Jr., Alice, Texas, age 10.

HONOR ROLL

Jane Hartwell	Inez Schell
Virginia Haldeman	Katherine Heidelberg
Dorothy Adams	Mary K. Warren
Marguerite Barringer	Rebecca Lowenstein
Constance Brown	Betty Scott
Marie Ridgley	Jennie H. Garth
Beatrice Cohen	Norma J. Asbury
Martha Pedersen	Nell Bleeker
Mary A. Lenk	Rita Amenn
Anne S. Brennan	Nancy L. Brecheen
Marian McIntyre	Eleanor Gaddis
May Fletcher	Gracey Bell
Lucile C. Whitman	Elizabeth Twrbridge
Mary G. Preston	Hester Martin
Marjorie Kautter	Rosalie E. Simpson
Margaret Reader	Emma Shutt
Sera J. Hooker	Isabel Tiefenthal
Alice Sullivan	Katherine E. Price
Louise Kenyon	Eleanor Frame
Harriet Beaver	Geraldine Mayo
Gertrude Wooldrik	Barbara J. Honberger
Dorothy Pierce	Helen J. Conger
Isabel Ford	Barbara Kurtz
Alice Cooper	Katherine Peck
Joan Germany	Maxine Stangland
Peggy Cheatham	Lillian Juher
Beatrice Aizenshtat	Robina Hillenbrand
Barbara Scott	Mary Kerbaugh
Betty Loomis	Hazel Hansen
Jeanne Stahl	Dorothy Reid
Joan York	Patricia McCulloch
Edith Smith	Myra Wolworth
Helen Burkhardt	Edith Hanson
Marian Creek	Jane Gamble
Bernice Silverstein	Carolyn Elliott
Margaret Roberts	Dolly R. Pickbourne
Rosalie Morris	Rose M. Foster
Margaret Mendenhall	Dorothy Hamburger
Helen Weiner	Catherine Toggart
Anna B. Valk	Elizabeth Winn
Doris Cooper	Ruth Weiler
Mary York	Viola Stefanowicz
Velma Billeby	Anna L. Sheriff
Frances Ayres	Maxine Targeson
Muriel Clark	Learline Lambert
Rebecca Wootten	Henrietta Lewis
Carmen Harvey	Eleanor Shoemaker
Bettie Lowenthal	Alice Ross
Mildred Wilson	Eleanor Ensey
Vivian Moskowitz	Mary Bockenstedt
Fay Agard	Marion Jones
Marjorie McCall	Betty Bernheimer
Jean Boyd	Jane Fonda
Nell McKay	Dorothy Jenkins
Eileen Whitman	Louise Pfaff
Margaret L. Toler	Janet Cheyne
Olivia Morgan	Margaret Epting
Douglas Bub	Yvonne Yates
Eleanor Richman	Helen Gregory
Lorraine Fontaine	Jane S. Smith
Phyllis Dalrymple	Emajane Spadt
Dorothy Pennock	Joseph Terry
Charles Krause	Marjorie Ellis
Barbara Barrett	Virginia Lawton
Janet Little	Evelyn Andrews
Anne Carroll	Rosemary Weir
Harriet Bardes	Mary Lou Bagby
Paula Everett	Jean McGraw
Anna P. Weber	Kathryn Dart
	Jane Gitz
	Margaret Erwin
	Betty Yoxall
	Marjorie Schock
	Mary Jane Taylor
	Dorothy Lowell
	Gertrude Millard
	Frieda Homer
	Mildred Baker
	Marjorie Adam
	Olivia Frick
	Bernice Zediker
	Nancy H. O'Reilly
	Ruby Lee Peacock
	Frances Sanford
	Evelyn Perry
	Louise Hoverter
	Madeline Dunne
	Lavinia Harris
	Katherine Owen
	Marjorie Call
	John D. Kendall
	Frances Garland
	Alva V. Nelson
	Katherine Heideman
	Helen Moyer
	Jeanette Wiley
	Leta Mildred Frank
	Katherine Walling
	Nancy Ridge
	Elva Ackermann
	Maxine Michelson
	Robert Hill
	Tommie Chittwood
	Beatrice Utne
	Leone Williams
	Iris Dodson
	Sadie Fick
	Ruth A. Buchbinder
	Hannah Higby
	Marybel Poer
	Winifred Maxwell
	Mary E. Barnes
	Tabb Hetteter
	Mary Clinch
	Joe R. Henderson
	Lucy Aiken Conner
	Ingrid Nylin
	Arlene Cohn
	Jacqueline Bertles
	Anne Brittain
	Horace W. Winn
	Mary J. Miller
	Dorothy Dollarhide
	Lura F. Coffey
	Kenneth Goddard
	Marion L. Garner
	Alice Hallock
	Henry Spragens, Jr.
	Frances Kibler
	Edwin Goldsmith
	Helen Buckwalter
	Pauline Grace King
	Mary A. Murray
	Louis Visalli
	Julia Wilkinson
	Margaret Chapman
	Jane Dexter
	Elleen Bollenbach

VISITING 'ROUND WITH NATIONS-GAME

By ANNA MEDARY

This game is made up for five boys and girls any number can play it.

IVE each child a slip of paper two or three inches wide and twelve or fourteen inches long, and a pencil. The child who conducts the game takes his or her place in front of the children playing the game and begins by saying, "Now we shall visit 'round with the nations."

The first place we go we see some people with dark eyes and hair; they have very good singing voices, and live in a country with a warm climate and blue skies. Please draw a picture of the head of one of these people, name the nation to which he belongs, and put your own name in the upper right-hand corner of the paper, turning the paper over to hide the picture. When every one has finished each passes his or her paper to the child in back, if the children are at desks, or along, if in a row. After the papers are passed, (but not opened), the conductor goes on.

The second place we go we see tall people with light hair, they live in a country which is very cold in winter, often wearing sheepskin coats. They have given some great violinists to the world. Please draw a picture of the head of one of these people, name it, put your own name on, fold the paper, and pass as before.

The third place we go we see people with very dark skins, they live in a hot country, in tribes, and eat the raw meat of animals. Please draw a picture, and so on, as you did before.

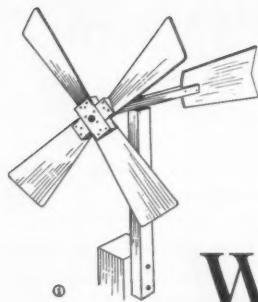
The fourth place we go we see people who used to wear their hair in a queue, if they were men, but are not doing it as much as they did. They like rice and tea, and eat with chopsticks. Please draw a picture and so on, just as you did.

You will note that five children are playing the game but only four nations are described; you always describe one nation less than the number of children, so when the paper is passed for the last time the players do not bet their own last drawing.

Now when the papers have been passed, they are opened, and you have a chance to see all the nations drawn; the conductor names them saying: NO. 1, ITALIAN. NO. 2, RUSSIAN. NO. 3, AFRICAN. NO. 4, CHINAMAN.

The child who wins the greatest number conducts the next game, if you want to continue it. And, of course, you may use as many nations as you wish, or as many descriptions, but it is best not to describe too much, just enough to make the people playing the game think.

As the visiting 'round is done by airship it is possible to skip from one country to another and cover a lot of space in a short time!



WATCHING the fan blades of a toy windmill spin, and the tail swing the fan, now this way, now that way, keeping it always into the wind, is fascinating to old and young alike. Indeed, when I set up the little model shown in Figure 1, it thrilled me as it had when a boy, to see it come to life under the magic spell of the wind.

But the points that will interest you boys most are that the model is an easily-built mechanical toy, that it can be made of materials to be found at home, and that wind power costs nothing.

The windmill consists of the fan, shaft and tail. The fan has a hub and four blades. Figure 2 shows one of the hub blocks. If you can find a strip of what carpenters call 1-by-2, supposedly 1 inch thick and 2 inches wide, but really about $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch thick and $1\frac{1}{4}$ inches wide, it will simplify the work to use it, since you will only have to saw off two lengths $3\frac{3}{4}$ inches long. The hub blocks must be crossed, and it is necessary to "halve" them so they will fit together with surfaces "flush," or even.

"Halving" consists of cutting a piece from each block (Fig. 3)

so one block will interlock the other. The piece removed must be of the width and one-half the thickness of the block. Saw out the piece with your coping-saw, or, if you have a chisel, split it out after

OUR WORKSHOP

By A. NEELY HALL

Author of "*The Boy Craftsman*," "*Home-Made Toys for Girls and Boys*," "*Home-Made Games and Game Equipment*," etc.

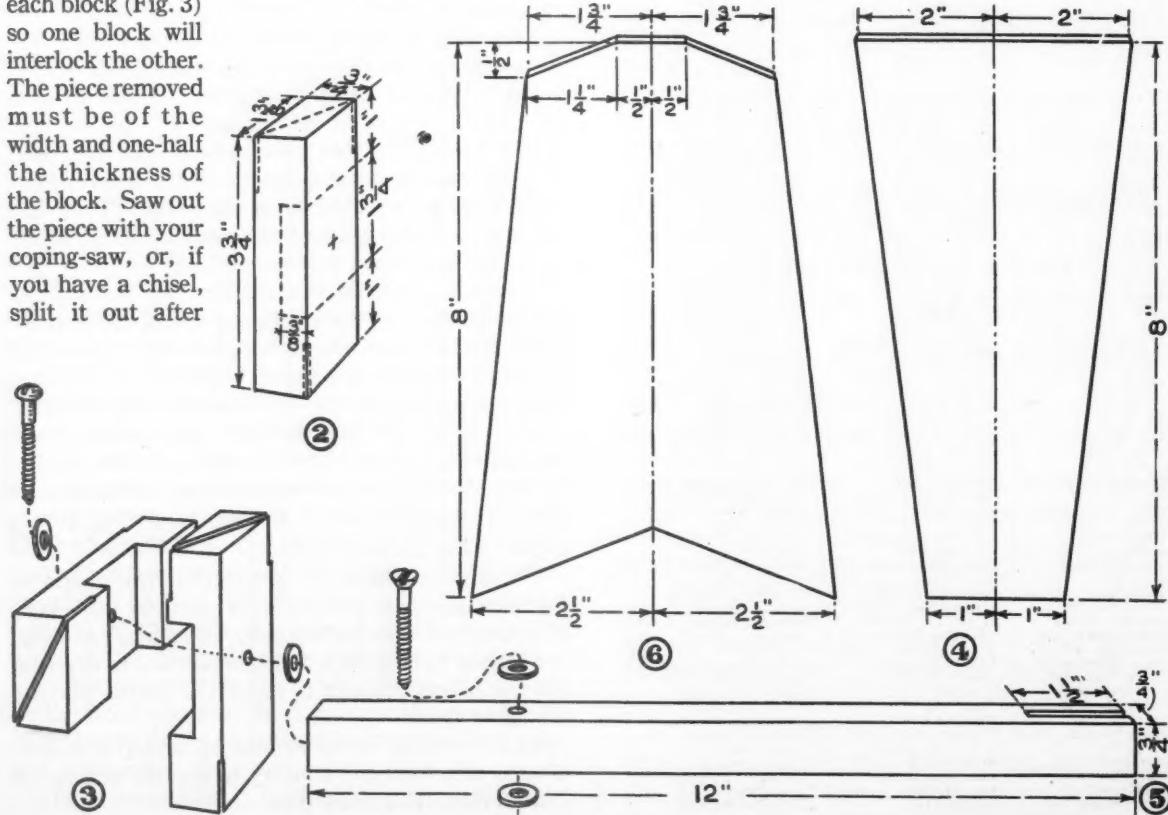
A TOY WINDMILL

sawing down at the ends of the space. The cutting must be done carefully so the blocks will interlock nicely. Trimming with a file and sandpaper, or with both, may be necessary to make a neat joint. When you have fitted the blocks, fasten them together with small nails or screws, then bore a hole $\frac{3}{16}$ inch in diameter through the center for a screw for mounting the hub on the shaft.

The ends of the hub blocks must be slotted to receive the fan blades. Cut the slots across the ends from corner to corner, as indicated by the dotted line in Fig. 2. Notice that these diagonal slots are made in the same direction. Make the slots $\frac{1}{8}$ inch wide and $\frac{3}{4}$ inch deep. Cutting them with a coping-saw is easy.

A pattern for the fan blades is given in Fig. 4. Covers and bottoms of cigar-boxes are good material for them. Draw a center-line, mark off the measurements each side of the line, complete the outline, and saw out the piece. One piece can be used as a pattern for marking the other three. Round the outer

(Continued on page 564)





Jimmy Bulldog's Ride in the Air

THE trouble all started over Mr. Fox's gold-headed cane, which he left lying in the meadow. I don't know who spotted it first. Maybe it was Baldy the Eagle, soaring around way up there in the sky. Maybe, as Jimmy Bulldog claimed, it was himself who first saw it, as he trotted along the meadow path. Anyway, Baldy swooped down on the cane just as Jimmy grabbed it in his jaws.

My, but they both were angry. Baldy clutched tight with his mighty claws, and Jimmy just gripped that cane in his mouth for all he was worth. Finally, Baldy began to beat the air with his great wings. Slowly, but surely, he arose. Up and up he went, still clutching the cane. But do you think Jimmy Bulldog would let go? No, sir, not a bit of it!

What a thrill that was for Jimmy Bulldog—flying in the air! And just think what would have happened if he had let go. But never fear—Jimmy Bulldog has good, strong teeth and jaws, and he held on for very life, until finally Baldy got tired and came down to earth again. But Jimmy still held on to the cane. And Baldy was so tired he was glad to let him have it.

Probably you'll never need your teeth to keep you from falling, but it's nice to have good teeth, anyway. If your teeth were not strong and healthy, you couldn't enjoy good things to eat. If you clean your teeth, as Mother tells you, and chew crisp foods, it will do a lot to keep your teeth and gums firm and healthy. Grape-Nuts is a crisp food which

you'll like to chew well, as you should do. And Grape-Nuts tastes fine, too. Ask your Mother to get you some today.

MOTHERS! Good teeth are a most important factor in the health of your child. Grape-Nuts, a crisp food, requires chewing. Proper chewing not only aids the teeth and gums greatly, but, by exercising the jaws, influences favorably the facial contour and shape of your child's head.

But the finest quality of Grape-Nuts is this. It contributes to your child's body dextrins, maltose, and other carbohydrates for heat and energy; iron for the blood; phosphorus for bones and teeth; protein for muscle and body-building, and the essential vitamin-B, a builder of appetite. Eaten with milk or cream, Grape-Nuts provides a delicious and admirably balanced ration. It is baked by a special process, preparing it for ideal digestion—which permits the body to extract the essential food elements with the least effort. Try Grape-Nuts tomorrow morning!

An authoritative booklet on feeding children

We would like you to read a booklet by a widely known authority on the relation of food to the growth of your child.

Mail the coupon below for two individual packages of Grape-Nuts free—enough for two breakfasts. We will also send you, for yourself, "A Book of Better Breakfasts," containing menus for a series of delightful health breakfasts. Follow these menus and form the habit of healthful meals to start the day right.



Grape-Nuts is one of the Post Health Products, which include also Instant Postum, Postum Cereal, Post Toasties (Double-thick Corn Flakes), Post Bran Flakes and Post's Bran Chocolate.

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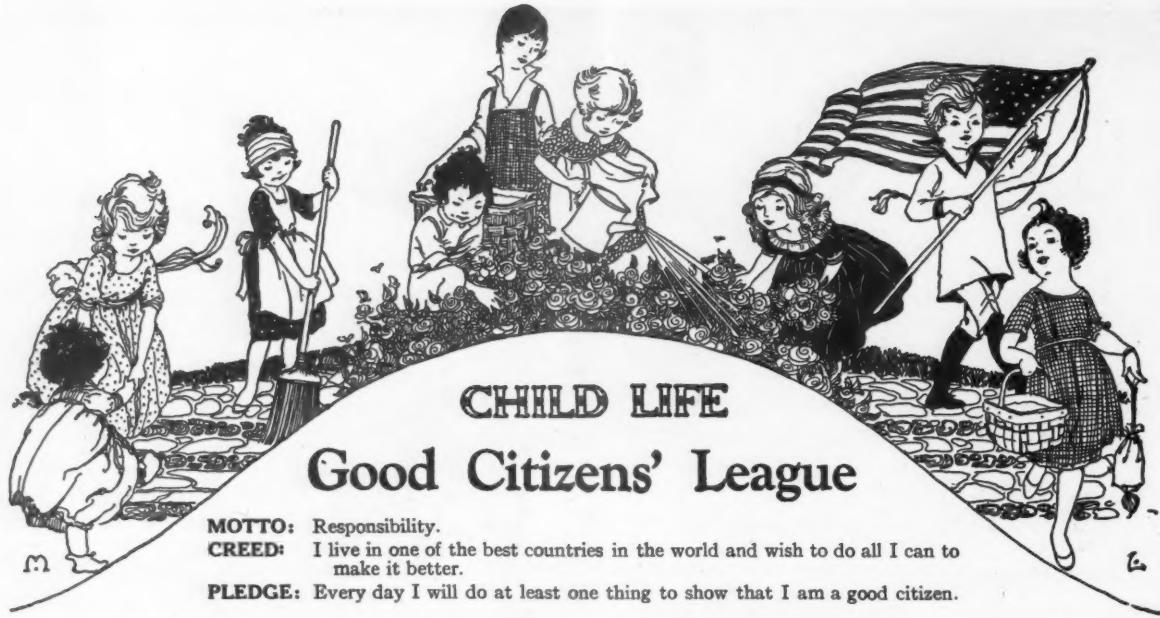
Please send me, free, two trial packages of Grape-Nuts, together with "A Book of Better Breakfasts," by a former physical director of Cornell Medical College, and also a booklet on the relation of food to growth.

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45 Front Street East, Toronto 2, Ontario



School

The members of the Brocton Good Citizens' League were holding their first September meeting. They had just finished an exciting game of "I Spy," and now they were gathered around Miss Bradley, their counselor, for the lemonade and cookies that Elizabeth had provided.

Bill was grumbling. "Now that school is beginning, there won't be anything but study for us for awhile."

"Why, Bill," Miss Bradley said in some surprise, "I thought you liked to go to school."

"Well, I do—in a way," Bill admitted, "but after having picnics and going camping and tracking wild animals to their lairs and things like that all summer, it won't be very thrilling to learn whole columns of dates and the multiplication table and when to say *shall* and *will* and things like that. Now will it?"

"No, it won't!" the others agreed, all except Miss Bradley.

She simply smiled. "You must be wearing your gloom glasses," she teased. "Take a column of dates, for instance. What do you think of when I say 1492 and 1776?"

"Oh, that's *different!*" said David. "Those dates stand for adventure."

Miriam had been very thoughtful all this time, but now she spoke. "Come to think about it, every date we have to learn stands for an adventure of *some* sort."

"Isn't it that way with your other studies, too? Every subject you take will provide you with adventures." Miss Bradley laughed when

By this time all the children were beginning to look interested and Grace said, "Lots of us say we don't like to go to school, though down in our hearts we really do. I wonder why it is we talk that way."

"It's because we don't stop to think how much fun and adventure our studies really give us," said

Elizabeth, her eyes shining because a wonderful plan had just popped into her head. "Let's make some big posters which will say: 'Free trip around the world—if you take geography,' and 'See Columbus discover America—in history class,' and things like that. We can hang them in the corridors at school, if the principal doesn't mind."

As it turned out, the principal was very glad to have their attractive posters hung in the halls where all the boys and girls could see them. The boys and girls were very glad to read them,

she saw the doubtful looks on the members' faces. "There's geography, for instance, which will take you on far journeys, or arithmetic which will help to train you and the other boys and girls to carry on the business of the world. Then, there are language, spelling and reading, which together give you the poems and the story books you like to read."

too, and there was very little grumbling to be heard about school tasks and studies. They seemed to realize just what good times lay beyond their classroom doors, if they were only willing to look for them.

And everybody agreed that the members of the league had found another splendid way of showing their good citizenship.

A Good Citizen—School

- I attended school regularly.
- I was on time every day.
- I took flowers or a picture to help make the schoolroom pleasant.
- I kept my school books neat and clean.
- I found my place promptly when the bell rang.
- I shared the apparatus on the playground fairly.
- I passed through the halls quietly.
- I worked hard even when no teacher was in the room.
- I spoke respectfully to the teachers.
- I was friendly to a lonely or unhappy pupil.
- I helped our teacher by obeying cheerfully.
- I helped the janitor by not bringing any dirt into the building.
- I helped by not throwing any paper on the school grounds.
- I erased some marks on the school building.
- I helped a smaller child with his wraps or in some other way.
- I listened attentively.
- I was careful not to waste materials.
- I showed a visitor about the building.
- I made no unnecessary noise.
- I recited so all the class could hear me.
- I kept my desk in order.
- I read about Anton Dvorak, the great musician, whose birthday comes in September.
- I read about Samuel Johnson, author of the great English dictionary, whose birthday comes on September eighteenth.
- I learned about Horace Mann, the father of American public schools.
- I wrote a paper on "What it means to be a good citizen."

An Honor Point is awarded for each day a good citizenship deed is recorded. The monthly Honor Roll lists the names of those who earn twenty-five or more points, and there is a prize for members who earn 200 points during eight consecutive months. Other good deeds may be submitted for those suggested above, and the best original activities are published and awarded extra points. Write your name, age and address at the top of a blank sheet of paper, then each day you can record the date and your deed or deeds for that day. Send your September list of good deeds in time to reach us by October 5th, if you want to see your name on the Honor Roll.

League Membership

Any boy or girl who is a reader of CHILD LIFE may become a member of the league and, upon application, giving his name, age and address, will receive a membership pin. We shall be glad to help you start a branch league among your friends or among the pupils in your room at school and shall mail you a handbook and pins for the boys and girls whose names, ages, and addresses you send us. Address all inquiries to Frances Cavanah, manager, CHILD LIFE Good Citizens' League, 536 S. Clark St., Chicago, Illinois.

Honor Roll for June

The following members earned twenty-five or more honor points during June.

Norman Barron	Eleanor Meyer
Mary Bately	Dorothy Miller
Elsie Beck	Frederic Monahan
Virginia Blunt	Walter Naugier
Alice Bodal	Ruth Nelson
Lavinia Briggs	Frederick Newman
Dorothy Buckley	Shirley Patch
Raymond Cahill	Robert Phillips
Nellie Cone	Marjorie Rice
Virginia Crever	Robert Rollins
Roger Dodge	Felix Russo
Betty Dosch	Elizabeth Sargent
Rosella Fagan	Olive Sargent
Annie M. Ferrell	Augusta Schoenky
Jimmie Ferrell	Marjorie Sennett
Ozro Field	Maxwell Small
Mary E. Hupperts	Phyllis Stokes
Ernest Jones	Whitney Stuart
Allene Knipe	Albert Taylor
Helen G. Koons	David Taylor
Jane Kunkel	Virginia Temple
Virginia Lee	Peter Terrio
Pauline Leighton	Josephine William
Frances McDowell	Katherine E. Zeis
Reginald Marshall	

LITTLE LOST CHICK
by Gertrude Aline Strickler

A baby chick took a walk a-looking for a foot . . . He scratched the ground up here and there but never found a squirm. He looked among the grasses and beneath a tiny rock. But pretty soon he looked around and found he was alone. He'd never been alone before, it filled his heart with fright. And so he said, "Cheep, cheep! Cheep, cheep! Cheep, cheep!" with all his might. Then suddenly he heard a step. It made him feel more perky. It might be Mother! But no! It was a proud old hen. So he hid behind some bushes. Another noise! What's that? And he saw, some distance off, a great big green-eyed hen. So he ran, with flappy jumps, until he met a rabbit who blinked one eye and flopped one ear. It seemed to be his habit. "Mr. Rabbit, have you seen my mother, Mrs. Rabbit? She has such nice soft fur, and says, 'Cluck, cluck, now and then.' The rabbit blinked his other eye, and flopped his other ear. "Why yes," he said, "I do believe I saw your mother, dear. For just around the fence-post, and past a fence or two, there is a hen with other chicks about the size of you." The chick started off. "O, cheepie, cheep!" was all he said to thank him. His Mother took him in her arms and never thought to spank him.

GERTRUDE STRICKLER

Little Brother Francis of Assisi



By MICHAEL WILLIAMS
Editor of the Commonwealth

ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI who has been given so many affectionate names—"Little Brother," "Little Poor Man," "The World's Friend"—will always have a special appeal to boys and girls. His story is both simple and thrilling. He lived as a child might dream of living, or play at living, and a child understands his sympathy for flowers, birds, animals, and his essential friendliness.

The growing boy or girl can appreciate better, however, the meaning of his sacrifices, and the significance of his life. Michael Williams has written to reach these young people, and also their parents. He has chosen well to write this book in this year, for 1926 is the 700th anniversary of the birth of St. Francis.

The story is alive with adventure and excitement, in addition to its poetic beauty. Michael Williams is a writer who would bring out all sides of such a life. He has written the strong, vivid story of a great man, a great hero, a great saint. Young people will want to read it and own it.

Price \$1.75

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

New York

Boston

Chicago

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San Francisco

OUR WORKSHOP

(Continued from page 560)

corners, and smooth the edges with sandpaper. Fasten the blades in the hub ends with brads.

Cut the shaft of the dimensions given in Fig. 5, slot one end for the tail, and drill a hole in the other end for the hub mounting screw.

Lay out the tail by the pattern in Fig. 6, on a cigar-box cover. After sawing it out, and finishing it with sandpaper, fasten it in the slotted shaft end with brads.

In assembling, place an iron washer under the head of the hub screw, and another to come between the hub and shaft end, as indicated in Fig. 3.

A hole must be drilled through the shaft for pivoting it to the windmill support. This hole must be at the "balancing point." You can determine the point by resting the shaft of the assembled windmill upon a stick and sliding it back and forth. The point will be about 3 inches from the hub end of the shaft. Drill a $\frac{3}{16}$ inch hole, and use a screw to fit it, for a pivot, with iron washers placed under the head, and between the shaft and its support. You can mount the windmill upon a 1-by-2-inch stick, then screw or nail the stick support where you decide to place the model.

Of course, you must finish the windmill in bright colors. Red fan blades, a yellow hub and shaft, and a green tail are a good combination. Two-ounce cans of enamels and lacquers can be obtained at a paint store.

IN SEPTEMBER

ELEANOR HAMMOND

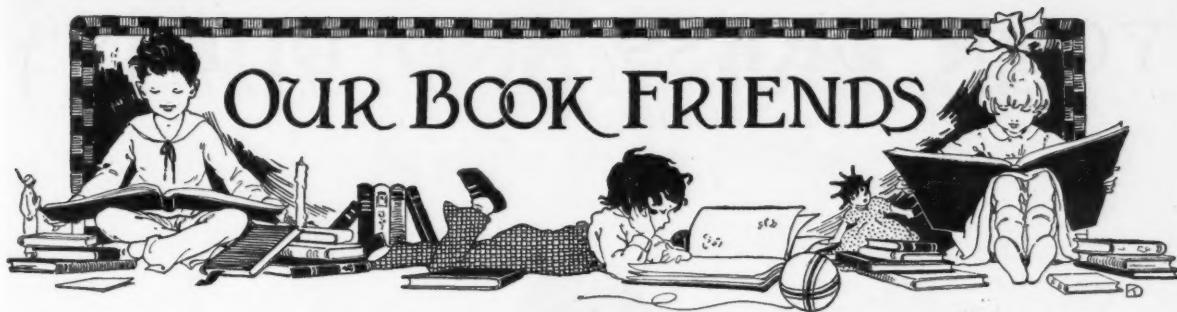
I WALKED down the lane
Past the Maple Tree,
And Post Man wind
Brought a note to me—
A small yellow note
From my friend, the tree!

You call it a "leaf"
Just drifting down?
Why, it says, "Old Winter
Will soon be in town!"—
So it's really a letter
The Tree sent down!

LABOR DAY

MARGARET MUNSTERBERG

ON LABOR DAY the work must stop
In every mill and every shop,
And there's a wonderful parade.
I saw it from the roof last year—
This time I want to see it near,
And cheer!



By AVIS FREEMAN MEIGS

Formerly Children's Librarian, Detroit public Library
Present Librarian, Alexander Hamilton Junior High School, Long Beach, California

NOT long ago, I picked up Percy MacKaye's *Tall Tales of the Kentucky Mountains*, a collection of living folklore which has haunted the Kentucky Ridges for almost the whole of the Nineteenth Century. There was one ancient fabulist of the mountains, named Solomon Shell, familiarly called "ole Sol," who told his tales with a gusto of solemnity which charmed all of his far-scattered neighbors. Though he died at the age of ninety-eight, old Sol's stories lived on. One of them, "The Hick'ry Pick-Tooth," bids fair to out-rival anything you may have read in *The Children's Munchausen*. As I read "The Peach-Rocked Deer" and "The Meat of A Snowball," I felt that Baron Munchausen and "ole Sol," with all their differences, must have been very near of kin.

Because we all like stories which are brimful of absurdly impossible adventures, it may be fun to talk over one particular species of tales—those which Mr. MacKaye calls of a "tall" or whopping variety. What tale of this sort first occurs to you?

Near-by, on a Georgia plantation, there are the little boy and Uncle Remus with his songs and sayings about Bre'r Fox, Bre'r Rabbit, the Tar Baby and the rest of the "creeturs." Living among those fantastic Negro animal stories is *Little Mr. Thimblefinger and His Queer Country*. Not far away there are other plantation Negro stories called *How and Why Stories* by John C. Branner. Among them are the tales "Why the Snake Has No Feet," "How the Tadpole Lost His Tail," "Why the Snail Is So Slow." From first to last, Noah's Ark has afforded pleasant nonsense, too. In Mr. Branner's book there is the story of "How The Cat Came To Have Nine Lives" and, before this, you have thought of E. Boyd Smith's picture book of animated animals, called *After They Came Out of the Ark*. In The Admiral's *Caravan*, wooden images and Noah's ark come to life in wonderland.

Perhaps no book, except *Just So Stories*, answers fully such questions as "Where the Elephant Got His Trunk," "How the Camel Got Its Hump," etc., but certainly there are other delightful nonsense books about animals. The "taller" the tale the better we like it! Haven't you gleefully added to the number of pancakes eaten by *Little Black Sambo* or with nice imagination sold that ointment which grew Titian red hair for *The Curly Haired Hen*? The grown-up person who reads *The Cozy Lion* aloud must know how to roar and must tell how the lion lived on breakfast food. Among the other adventures which we should not want to forget are those related in *Rootabaga Stories*, *The Three Mulla Mulgars* and *The Jumping Frog*. Besides "Little Black Sambo's Experiences With an African Tiger," there is *The Bojabi Tree* and *Pinocchio in Africa*. Possibly it is here that Pinocchio reaches the height of his adventures, for he is crowned emperor by a cannibal tribe.

The Rose and the Ring, like *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*, is a story which was first written to amuse a child. It should be near the top of your list with one of the best books of all—*Gulliver's Travels*.

We should like to talk about *The Legend of Sleepy Hollow* and *The Queen's Museum* and *The Hunting of the Snark*. No doubt they have stirred your curiosity ere this. If not, we shall only say that they, too, are whopper-wit and leave the rest to you.

TALES FROM WHOPPER-DOM

Admiral's Caravan	Charles E. Carryl
HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY, BOSTON	
After They Came Out of the Ark	E. Boyd Smith
G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, NEW YORK	
Alice's Adventures in Wonderland	Lewis Carroll
J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA	
Bojabi Tree	Edith Rickert
DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & COMPANY, NEW YORK	
Book of Cheerful Cats	Joseph G. Francis
THE CENTURY COMPANY, NEW YORK	
Cat and Fiddle Book	
Florence E. Bell and Florence E. Richmond	
LONGMANS, GREEN & COMPANY, NEW YORK	
Children's Munchausen	
Rudolph E. Raspe, retold by John Martin	
HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & COMPANY, BOSTON	
Cozy Lion	Frances H. Burnett
THE CENTURY COMPANY, NEW YORK	
Curly Haired Hen	Auguste Vimar
FREDERICK WARNE & COMPANY, NEW YORK	
Fairy Tales from the Arabian Nights	E. Dixon
G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, NEW YORK	
Gulliver's Travels	Jonathan Swift
RAND McNALLY & COMPANY, CHICAGO	
How and Why Stories	John C. Branner
HENRY HOLT & COMPANY, NEW YORK	
Hunting of the Snark	Lewis Carroll
THE MACMILLAN COMPANY, NEW YORK	
Jumping Frog	Samuel L. Clemens
HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK	
Just So Stories	Rudyard Kipling
DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & COMPANY, NEW YORK	
Little Mr. Thimblefinger and His Queer Country	Joel C. Harris
HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & COMPANY, NEW YORK	
Mystery Tales for Boys and Girls	Ella S. Smith
LOTHROP, LEE & SHEPARD COMPANY, BOSTON	
Nonsense Books	Edward Lear
LITTLE, BROWN & COMPANY, BOSTON	
Pinocchio in Africa	E. Cherubini
GINN & COMPANY, BOSTON	
Queen's Museum	Frank Stockton
CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, NEW YORK	
Rootabaga Stories	Carl Sandburg
HARCOURT, BRACE & COMPANY, N. Y.	
Rose and the Ring	William M. Thackeray
THE MACMILLAN COMPANY, NEW YORK	
Stories and Legends	Washington Irving
G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, NEW YORK	
Tall Tales from the Kentucky Mountains	Percy MacKaye
GEORGE H. DORAN COMPANY, NEW YORK	
Three Mulla Mulgars	Walter De La Mare
ALFRED A. KNOFF, NEW YORK	
Wonderful Adventures of Ludo, the Little Green Duck	
DUFFIELD & COMPANY, NEW YORK	Jack Roberts
Story of Little Black Sambo	Helen Bannerman
FREDERICK A. STOKES, NEW YORK	

YOUR DRESS AND DOLLY'S

Designed by CHIQUÉT. With Patterns.



BETH is very happy because she is going to school this year. And oh, the pretty things she has to wear!

She has three blouses to go with her checked, serge skirt—one of pongee, another of poplin, and a jersey cloth trimmed with a brilliant felt butterfly.

Not many six-year-old girls can boast of a really, truly smock. Beth has one made of linen with bloomers to match. It has raglan sleeves and buttons down the front like a coat.

Last of all, behold her very much scalloped gingham with a small vest of striped material. This is the kind of a dress that a different touch may be added to, such as the bouquet of ging-

ham flowers appliqued on one side.

Are your school dresses all ready? If not, why not make them CHILD LIFE dresses?

Pattern No. 5388, 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years.

Pattern No. 5506, 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years.

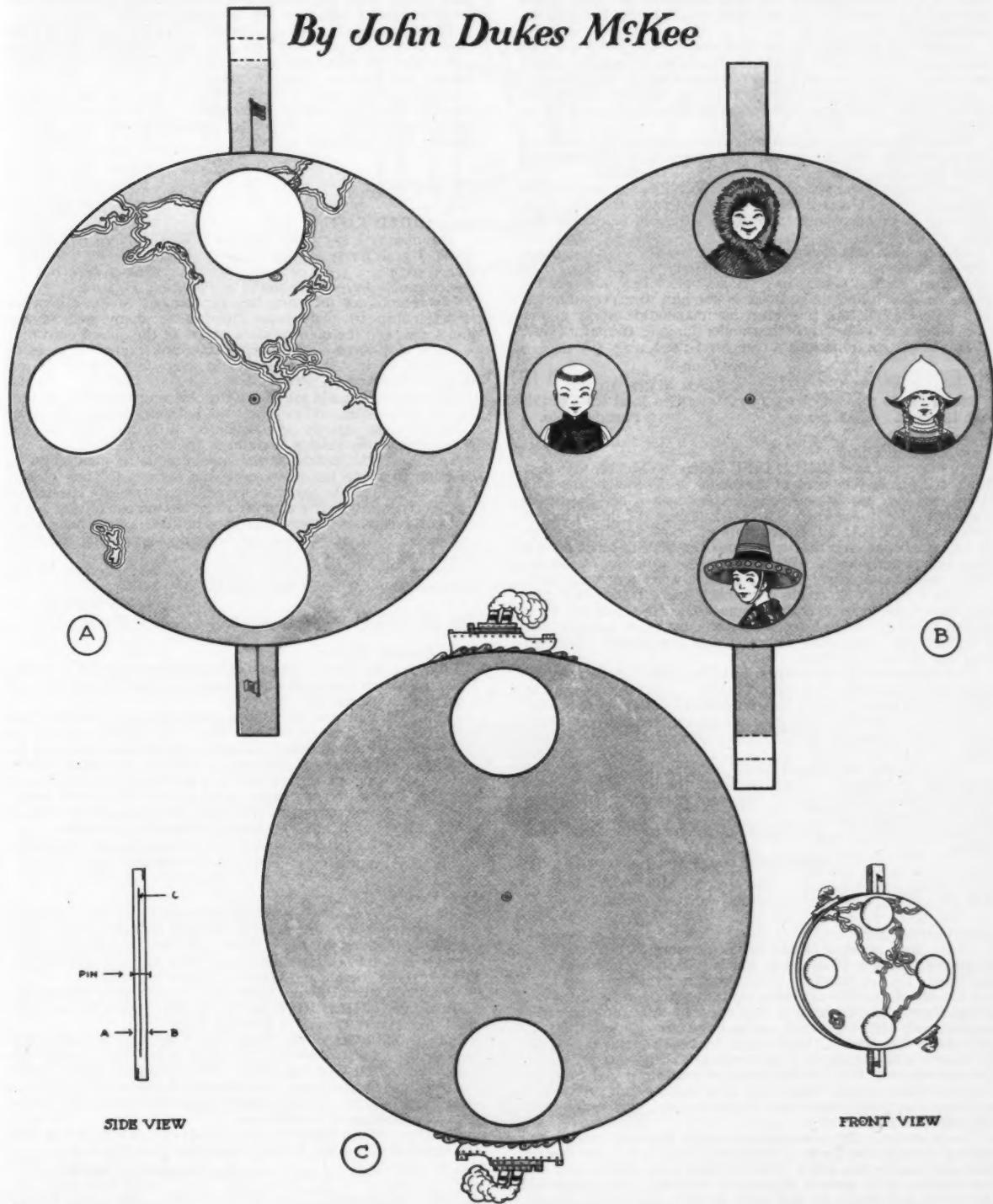
Pattern No. 5471, 4 sizes: 2, 4, 6 and 8 years.

All patterns are 20 cents each.

We are always delighted to answer any questions Mother may care to ask, if she will send a stamped self-addressed envelope to CHILD LIFE Pattern Department, care Rand McNally & Company, 536 S. Clark St., Chicago, Illinois.

FRIENDLY FACES

By John Dukes McKee



DIRECTIONS

MOUNT the page on firm cardboard, which is not too heavy. Make the three pieces. Then make the four holes on Piece A, and the two on Piece C. Run a pin through the spots in the centers of Pieces A, B, and C. Bend the strip above the flag on Piece A and below the South American boy on Piece B, as shown in the sketch of the side view, and then paste. Fasten the pin at the back with a small bit of

wood or a bit of rubber eraser to prevent it from slipping out. Be sure, however, that Piece C in the center will have room enough to revolve freely. To operate, hold toy at the bottom with one hand, and with a finger of the other hand, sail the ships around the world and discover new friends in far-off lands.

"What I Like Best in CHILD LIFE—and Why"

Continued from page 568

Dear Contest Editor:

Though it is indeed hard to decide upon a favorite department in so interesting and helpful a magazine, still I do think that the *Joy Givers' Club* is the most interesting and helpful department of all.

In this club, it seems that the cold, vast world shrinks to a very small and friendly circle, full of stories, ideas, interesting places and people that give you a warm feeling down in your heart.

In the stories and poems written by the other members, you get new ideas and views that, perhaps, have never occurred to you before.

Then, too, you hear of interesting places—maybe the homes of correspondents; and in turn can tell something about your own home and experiences.

Then there is a lot of pleasure in corresponding with some of the members yourself, and in exchanging ideas and thoughts that will help to broaden your knowledge, feeling of fellowship and your views.

When one's stories, poems or letters are published in the magazine, they give the writer a feeling of hope and courage, they strengthen his will power, increase his vocabulary, improve his power of speech and make it easier for him to express himself well. Besides all this, they start his imagination working, and open his eyes to the beauty of the smaller things by the path of Life. This helps one to become a true Joy Giver!

Love from,

ALICE MARY ADAMS
Ute Trail Ranch,
Pagoda, Colo.

Age 12 years. (\$5.00 prize)

Dear Contest Editor:

I'm just crazy over CHILD LIFE *Cooking*. Mother says that I'm getting to be the "cook of the family." Even big sister who is thirteen can hardly cook any better, even if she does take cooking in the Junior High School. But even if I do get lots of praise, and CHILD LIFE gets lots of praise too, there's one thing I don't like, and that is because I'm getting to be such a fine cook Daddy says, "We're going on a picnic. Let's let Molly make the dinner." And that's just what everybody says.

When I made that cream of spinach soup, I wish that you had been there to see everybody smack their lips, and ask for a second helping! Even Cary, who won't eat plain spinach, was a regular pig. And that ambrosia was just lovely. We had that one awfully hot night.

I haven't tried all the recipes, but I've looked at them every time, and every time they looked better. The directions are so clear. And those cute little illustrations too! They are so pretty!

I'm sure I like the cooking best, and yet, there are so many other lovely things in CHILD LIFE, that I think it's pretty much of a tie all 'round.

Just Around Our Corner surely kept me jumping. It was chuck full of mystery. Then there are the dandy *Indoor and Outdoor Games* CHILD LIFE tells how to play. Toppo keeps us pretty busy all right!

Yes, CHILD LIFE, you are full of the best kind of true-blue stories.

Your loving reader and Joy-Giver,

MOLLY BROWN,
Ripon, Calif.

Age 11. (\$3.00 prize)

Dear Contest Editor:

I have been taking CHILD LIFE for more than a year and I like everything in it so much that it is hard to choose what I like best. Do you mind if I write about two things?

I like the *Serial Story* because it always stops in the most exciting place and you have a long time to think of what will happen next. In your mind you end the story as you think it will be and then when CHILD LIFE arrives the cover is torn off by fingers which shake with excitement. Then you curl up on the window seat, turn to the story and read until you come to the place where it says, "This story to be continued next month," and with a long sigh you lay the magazine down, wondering what will happen next.

You soon take the magazine up again, however, and after looking through the Table of Contents, turn to the *Joy Givers' Club* and read letters which other children have written and see pictures sent in by some of those same children. Next you read the poems and stories by still other children and if you chance

to stumble on one of your own, a thrill runs through you and after reading it through you show it to your mother and feel very proud until somebody else accomplishes something still more wonderful; and then you feel more humble than ever.

Then there is the correspondents' list where you can find the name of a child your own age and write, introducing yourself and asking the other girl to introduce herself, and then you are friends and keep up a correspondence.

Nearly every morning there is a letter for you when you go down to breakfast and after reading it you wonder if your last letter has reached your friend yet and decide that she may be reading it at that very minute.

Yours sincerely,

ADELE PALMER,
Rochester, N. Y.

(\$3.00 prize)

Dear CHILD LIFE:

The minute I spy the CHILD LIFE when Daddy brings it home, I grab for it as eagerly as "a duckling takes to water." Every page is a treasure chest full of priceless jewels, but the choice gems—to me—are found in *Plays and Pageants*.

My reasons for preferring this department to the others are its originality; the picturesque illustrations; many witty sayings and songs; and the unmistakable appeal of the quaint costumes.

Each play is so very original that one cannot help being interested in it. New thoughts in every one—never an old thought disguised in new apparel.

Clever drawings add greatly to the charm of the plays, as they are so picturesque, and interpret the author's meaning so aptly. Many witty sayings and delightful little melodies rob the plays of any tiny inkling of dullness trickling through.

Then, last, but not least, the costumes are so quaint, yet so effective that one can do nothing but submit to their charm. Characteristic pirate costumes suggestive of treasure chests and sea fights; dainty fairy costumes which remind one of tiny glades and fairies; and court costumes in all their splendor make one dream of courtly ladies and bold, dashing young courtiers; All compel people to admire them.

I think that I shall always prefer *Plays and Pageants* to any other department in CHILD LIFE.

NONA BOYETT,
Frederick, Okla.

Age 12. (\$3.00 prize)

Dear Contest Editor:

I like the *Joy Givers' Club* Department best in CHILD LIFE. I like the letters and stories and photos the children send in, and I think their poems are very cute.

I think the motto of the Club is a very good one and is a good example for children to follow. The club teaches children to give joy to others and that is one of the greatest things we can do.

It is good practice for children to learn to write good stories and compose letters without aid and it is very encouraging to see their letters and stories in print and to think that many children in far-off countries will read them and think what a smart girl or boy it was who wrote the piece in the book.

FRIENDLY G. LYONS,
Mobile, Ala.

Age 6. (\$3.00 prize)

Dear Contest Editor:

Who's Who in the Zoo helps me in more ways than one. It helps me to learn of the habits and life of many strange animals from different countries: to study them gives me general knowledge that I would not otherwise have and helps me to be more entertaining to my friends and better company for myself.

Very often when I do not know how to while away spare time, I can turn to CHILD LIFE and in its pages and the one especially mentioned I spend a pleasant hour.

It helps me to know the things that I see and to understand something of how wonderful the world is and how strange the many things that God has made. Their scientific names makes one peep into the dictionary every once in awhile, which is always good for a person. It also teaches you their noticeable traits, and coloring them is helpful, too.

I hardly ever am interested in contests of this sort, but as this one sounded very good, I tried it and have done my best.

ELIZABETH GREENE
738 Belt ave.,
St. Louis, Mo.

Age 11. (\$3.00 prize)





CLUB MOTTO

The only joy I keep is what I give away

Since children are the real Joy Givers, CHILD LIFE is providing them with the Joy Givers' Club.

The purpose of this Club is to give joy to the readers of CHILD LIFE and to encourage expression in its members.

Any reader of CHILD LIFE of twelve years of age or under may become a member of this club, whether a regular subscriber or not.

This department is composed of original creations by the children themselves.

Short joy-giving contributions in prose, verse, or jingle are welcome. Well illustrated stories are especially desired. All drawings should be done on white unruled paper.

The contributions must be original and be the work of children of twelve and under.

If you know ways to give joy to others, write about them in story form, and send your story to CHILD LIFE. Miss Waldo will give your letters and contributions personal attention. No manuscripts can be returned.

For Joy Givers' Club membership cards write to
CHILD LIFE
CARE OF RAND McNALLY & COMPANY

ROSE WALDO, *Editor*
536 S. CLARK STREET

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

PERSIAN HOMES

In the Persian homes, there are quite a few funny things. In the winter time, they have a sort of a table that stretches nearly from one end of the room to the other. The Persians sleep under this table. It has very thick blankets thrown over it. Over the blankets are pretty table covers. These are all embroidered by hand. They use this table for anything. They do not call this a table. They call it a cursie. They put sort of a little stove under this. It is like a milk pan with legs on it. They burn charcoal dust on it. They only use stoves when they have company. For teacups they have little tea glasses set in little silver holders. They always want you to have tea, no matter when you come. Often, we tell them not to bring us tea but they do it just the same. When we go, we have to persuade them to let us go because they always want us to stay longer.

ELEANOR DENNY PAYNE,
The American Mission,
Teheran, Persia.
Age 10.



KOREAN BOYS

Dear Miss Waldo:

I am no longer in New York City. Last month we landed here in Germany. But we didn't stay at Bremen, because we were going to my mother's brother's farm near Hanover. We are there now and enjoy it very much. We have three cows here and their names are Lottchen, Fanny and Hans. Hans got a little calf last week and we call the calf Max, because he is a bull. There are two more calves; their names are Gust and Lotty. We have seven pigs, too. We have a dog with the same name as yours, Waldo. We have a cat whose name is Mees and about 30 hens, two with chicks and one setting on eggs.

I enjoy CHILD LIFE very much and love every department and page in it. I try to get an answer to all of the advertisement contests in CHILD LIFE on time, but there isn't much chance, because by the time CHILD LIFE reaches me it is already the middle of the month.

I have a little friend across the way whom I am teaching English out of CHILD LIFE. She already knows the poem in "The Muffin Shop" advertisement in the February CHILD LIFE. I am now teaching her the poem, *Swing Time*, which you wrote in the June CHILD LIFE. She (her name is Louise) knows how to read two verses already, and gives their translation.

I hope you will print this letter in CHILD LIFE.

Sincerely,
ELEANOR BRINKMANN,
Husede, Kreis Wittlage,
Pr. Hanover, Germany

Dear Miss Waldo:

My father gets many magazines but I like CHILD LIFE best. But it is not only I who enjoys CHILD LIFE, but my whole family.

I am Japanese, but I was born here and have never been to Japan yet.

I am saving all my CHILD LIFES to send to my cousins in Japan.

Your CHILD LIFE reader,

MUTSU NAGAI,
Terry, Texas
Age 11.

Dear Miss Waldo:

I live in Syen Chun, Korea. I like CHILD LIFE and would like to join the Joy Givers' Club.

There are only three American children here, besides my brother and me. We have no school to go to but my mother teaches me at home. Here is a picture of Korean boys.

Your friend,
BETTY CAMPBELL,
Syen Chun, Korea.
Age 6.



Do Your Children Ever Make You Nervous?

After a rainy day shut in, or after a Sunday's visiting are your nerves worn to a frazzle? Are the Children Perverse, Contrary, Unmanageable? Do you ever feel as though you couldn't stand it another minute?

WOULD you like to be able to manage your children easily and quietly, without constant "don'ts" and threats of punishment? Would you like to know how to win the child's cooperation, to get him or her always to obey quickly?

Recently there has been developed a system of child training which is founded upon the latest principles endorsed by leading national authorities. It accomplishes results never dreamed of by the average parent—results which forever banish disobedience, willfulness and untruthfulness with their consequent worry, strain and nervous fatigue.

An Amazing Change

Under the new system even children who have been positively unmanageable become obedient and willing, and such traits as bashfulness, jealousy, fear and bragging are overcome.

Instead of an unpleasant duty, a nerve racking task, child training becomes a genuine pleasure. The parent shares every confidence, joy and sorrow of the child, and at the same time has its respect and obedience.

Due to an Entirely New Method

The founder of this new system is Prof. Ray C. Beery, A.B., M.A. (Harvard and Columbia), who has written a complete course in Practical Child Training. This course is based on Professor Beery's extensive investigations and wide practical experience, and provides a well worked out plan which the parent can easily follow.

Full Information Costs only a Stamp

We shall be glad to send you free of charge our new booklet, "New Methods in Child Training," together with full particulars of the work of the Association and the special benefits it offers to members.

If this booklet answers a few of the questions that have perplexed you, you will be glad that you sent for it. It is showing thousands of sincere American mothers the easy and right way to train their children. And it is only a matter of sending the coupon or a post card.

THE PARENTS ASSOCIATION

Dept. 989. Pleasant Hill, Ohio

The Parents Association, Dept. 989, Pleasant Hill, Ohio

Please send me your booklet, "New Methods in Child Training," and information about the Parents Association, free of charge. This does not obligate me in any way.

Name.....
Address.....
City.....State.....

A GOOD JOY GIVER

Once there was a little girl; she had never been to school before, but she had learned to read and write from her mother, who taught her for some days. She was a member of the Joy Givers' Club and a good Joy Giver, too.

The first time she went to school, she sold so many subscriptions and made so many Joy Givers that CHILD LIFE gave her a present for being such a real Joy Giver.

You see, she had made CHILD LIFE joyful by selling many subscriptions, others by giving joy herself, and herself by giving joy to others!

WALTER WALTON,
Avellaneda 6,
Camaguey, Cuba
Age 11.

Dear Miss Waldo:

I am taking CHILD LIFE for a year. I enjoy it very much. I like "The Adventure of the Seven Keyholes" best of all the stories.

I find your cooking recipes very interesting, too. I like to cook very much. I could not make the baked apples, or the cream of spinach soup, because we have neither apples nor spinach in the tropics. However, I could make the orange salad and we had it for luncheon and it was very good.

I am ten years old and have lived nearly all my life in Ecuador and Peru. I hope that you will put my letter in CHILD LIFE. Perhaps some little girl in the States would write to me.

Your friend,
REID SCHROPS,
Box 655,
Guayaquil, Ecuador, S. A.



HELEN HISERMAN

Dear CHILD LIFE:

Every month, I can hardly wait for you to come. I have been taking you for six months and I am sending you a picture of myself sitting on a log at the beach.

Mother says I can swim like a fish. I go in swimming nearly every day. I live in Honolulu—a city on Oahu. I am in the seventh grade and go to the Lincoln School.

I want a letter from a CHILD LIFE subscriber.

Your loving reader,
HELEN HISERMAN,
1634 Bingham St.
Honolulu, T. H.

Age 11.



Nathalia Crane, twelve-year-old miracle poetess~

WHEN this Brooklyn schoolgirl recently became famous as the author of "The Janitor's Boy and Other Poems," her friends far and near expressed their delight with Greeting Cards.

What a joy to love and be loved by others! And Greeting Cards make it so easy to keep the bonds of friendship unbroken.

In any good shop you will find a large assortment of cards for every occasion—cards expressing the very things you want to say—all ready for you to mail.

* * *

Anne Rittenhouse, noted social authority, has written a most interesting book on the modern usage of Greeting Cards, which includes fifteen pages for lists, arranged conveniently. Simply mail 25¢ with the coupon for your copy.

Scatter Sunshine with Greeting Cards

The Greeting Card Association
354 Fourth Avenue, New York City

Enclosed is 25¢. Please send me, prepaid, "Greeting Cards—When and How to Use Them."

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....



**NEW
HANDY
PACK
WRIGLEY'S
P.K.
CHEWING SWEET**

**3
Packs
for 5c**

Here is the treat
that can't be beat!

Peppermint Flavor

Benefit and pleasure
in generous measure!

G19

Dear Miss Waldo:
I would like to become a member of the Joy Givers' Club. Please send me a membership card. I am not a regular subscriber, but my mother buys CHILD LIFE for me every month. Here is my picture. I live on top of a live volcano on the Island of Hawaii.

Here is a little poem, I made up.



MARGARET BOLES

MY KITTEN

I have a little kitten,
And she's as white as snow,
And when I go to get her milk,
She always wants to go.

She is so very loving
And purrs so very loud.
And whenever she runs,
She makes a big dust cloud.

I love my little kitten,
And I'm quite sure she loves me,
So I'm always gentle with her,
As she has no tail, you see.

MARGARET BOLES,
Hawaii National Park,
Volcano, Hawaii, U.S.A.
Age 9.

P.S. I am going to visit my grandmother, in Arkansas, so please send my card to 809 North A. St., Fort Smith, Ark.

Dear Miss Waldo:

I just love CHILD LIFE. I have had it for two years and every time my aunt sends it over to me, I try to begin reading it right away. I love "Just Around Our Corner," and I also like to read the poems, stories and letters that other children write. I have been over here since December and I have been in Italy for the Easter holidays. I would like it very much if you would put my name on the "Children Who Want Letters" list.

The Toytown Tattler is very funny and my brother, who often reads it, laughs very much over the funny things. My address is: Noel Hopkins, 11 Rue Bassano, Paris, France, but please keep on sending my magazine to Woodbrook, Maryland.

Affectionately yours,
NOEL HOPKINS,
Paris, France.



**"My, What a
Nice Surprise!"**

I JUST love it when dad-dies or mothers use me to surprise their little girls. They're so happy when they see my funny, cunning little face, exactly like a real live baby, and they love to cuddle me so! I can sleep and cry, too.

An artist studied babies for years to make me so like a real live baby just three days old that everybody loves me. Her name is my birthmark, Grace Storey Putnam. I carry it written on a tag and imprinted on the back of my neck. Don't forget, and then you'll surely know I'm a genuine Bye-Lo Baby.

At leading toy and department stores. Nine sizes, 9 to 20 inches high. If not at your dealer's write our Dept. 16H and we will tell you where to get it.

GEO. BORGFELDT & CO.
111-119 E. 16th St., New York City

*Sole Licensee and Distributor of the
genuine "K and K" Bye-Lo Baby*



After School the JOY-BALL

What glorious fun you will have with your "JOY-BALL" after school this Fall!

How much happier school days will be when you know "that Great Big Beautiful Ball of many Colors" is waiting to amuse you after the day's lessons are over!

The "JOY-BALL" has a strong lace-up case of special waterproof fabric in bright beautiful colors, and a thick rubber bladder.

It can not be easily injured even by the roughest play.

Made in two sizes. Either size sent to any address in attractive colored box, carefully packed and postage paid on receipt of price.

Ask mother or dad to send for one for you.

PARENTS—Use the coupon for convenience in ordering.

THE VICTOR NOVELTY MFG. CO.
13109-75 Athens Ave., Cleveland Ohio

Please send me { one Senior JOY-BALL (12-inches diameter) for which I enclose \$1.25.
one Junior JOY-BALL (10-inches diameter) for which I enclose \$1.00.

Name

Address

City and State



Dear CHILD LIFE:

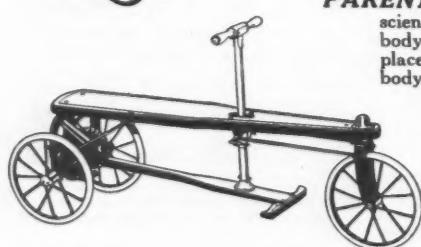
I write to tell you that I have moved to Calle 9 No. 3F entre 8 y 10 Reparto la Sierra, a suburb. It is beautiful. There is fresh greenness everywhere, for you must know that in Cuba the seasons of the year are hardly felt. We really truly have only two seasons—the dry and the wet. Also there are many goats around: small, big and medium. This suburb is not very far from the city. It only takes fifteen or twenty minutes to get to the city. I wish you would put me in "Children Who Want Letters," for I just love to receive many of them. Well, I will say good-bye until sometime.

Sincerely,

EMMA QUESADA,
Calle 9 No. 3F entre 8 y 10 Reparto
la Sierra, Cuba



**Row-cycle
EXERCIZER**



see, Mother— feel my muscle!

"SEE, mother, I've got twice as much muscle as Georgie, and he's a year and a half older than I am! I am glad you got me a Row-Cycle Exerciser—it makes my legs and arms and back so strong!"

PARENTS: The Row-Cycle Exerciser is scientifically designed to secure the same body action as in a rowing boat. Experts place rowing first in uniformly balanced body development. The Row-Cycle prevents one sided growth—it teaches the child to use his legs, arms, back and shoulders, all at one time. Besides, every boy and girl has endless fun with Row-Cycle. Literature containing complete information will be sent you on receipt of the coupon below.

PUFFER-HUBBARD MANUFACTURING CO.
2603 32d Avenue So., Minneapolis, Minnesota

Please send me literature explaining the valuable health and entertainment features of Row-Cycle for the child. In case I want one, tell me where I can get it.

Name

Street..... City..... State.....

Dear Miss Waldo:

I think you may like this picture of a little papoose. It was taken at Macleod on Dominion Day. The Indians were all dressed up for the parade and this squaw refused to have her picture taken unless she was paid for it.

I have taken CHILD LIFE for two years now and I just love it.

I am sending you a little verse and I hope you will find room for it.

Yours sincerely,

MURIEL STERNDALE-BENNETT,
Age 10. Lethbridge, Alta. Canada

UP AT GRANDMA'S

Up at Grandma's we have such fun,
We play with Uncle's bugle and little
squirt gun;
We dress up in Aunt Elsie's clothes,
And then arrange to do some shows.

Oh! we have fun up at Grandma's!
We do all sorts of plays and dramas.
And when we are finished with our play,
We tidy up for another day.

MURIEL STERNDALE-BENNETT,
Lethbridge, Alta. Canada

Your Spare Time Is Worth \$3.00 An Hour -



MRS. HAWN of Oklahoma (at the left) secured enough subscriptions to CHILD LIFE in one afternoon to earn \$9.66.

Invest your spare time with us for one month and prove to yourself that you, too, can earn money every spare hour. You can realize a nice income with an extra bonus each month.

The income depends entirely on how much time you have to invest. Mrs. Black of Virginia received from us \$24.75 one month; Miss Townsend of Iowa \$60.30; Mr. Clow of California \$77.50; Mrs. Gardiner of New York \$20.40. Many others have invested their spare time with us and earned from \$10.00 to \$30.00 each month.

We should like to tell you personally about our plan so that you, too, can earn money in your spare time.

CHILD LIFE Subscription Club
536 South Clark Street,
Chicago, Ill.

NAN McCULLOCH, Secretary
Please tell me your plan for turning my spare time into money.

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State

Dear Miss Waldo:

I love CHILD LIFE very much and put it under my pillow at night. Some of it I read to my little brother David, and show some of the pictures to my little sister Jean.

This is the rainy season in India. Everything is nice and green. Mangoes are ripe now.

PHILIP BROWNE,
Sakchi Boulevarde,
Jamshedpur, India.

Age 7.



PHILIP BROWNE

Dear Miss Waldo:

The Koreans live in little mud houses with straw roofs. The windows have paper in them instead of glass.

The Koreans sleep on the floor and sit on the floor and eat there, too.

Men carry heavy loads on their backs with a "jiggy." They use cows to carry loads and plow with.

Korean writing looks like this.

This means, "What is he doing?"

I would like to join the Joy Givers' Club. I'm eight years old.

Sincerely,
SANDY CAMPBELL,
Syen Chun, Korea.

THE DANDELION

Gay little dandelion, so sweet and soft,
I love you although I see you oft.
Day by day I count your gold
Which in a treasure chest you hold.
But when the summer is gone
And comes the winter's dawn,
And things are covered with ice and snow,
Oh! how I long to see you grow!

GENEVIEVE WILCOX,
Casilla 17
Tocopilla, Chile, S. A.

Age 7.

Avoid Imitations
Safe Milk and Food
ASK for Horlick's
The ORIGINAL Malted Milk
For INFANTS, Children, Invalids, Nursing Mothers, etc.

Fair Game
Kiddie Caps and Kiddie Hats for INFANTS and MISSES
Write for interesting booklet "Making Pretty Children Prettier"
G. H. & E. Freyberg
10 West 20th Street, New York

Cuticura Toilet Trio
Send for Samples
To Cuticura Laboratories, Dept. J, Malden, Mass.

Cover the Nursery Walls with Pictures Hung on
Moore Push-Pins
Glass Heads—Steel Points
Moore Push-less Hangers For All Heavy Pictures
10c pkts. Everywhere
MOORE PUSH-PIN CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

It's 15¢ → **CENTURY SHEET MUSIC**
You can't buy better—why pay more?
CENTURY gives you the world's best music, beautifully printed on the best paper! What more can sheet music be! There are over 2300 compositions in the Century catalogues all 15¢ (20¢ in Canada)—masterpieces like "Poet and Peasant," "Black Hawk," "Bridal Chorus," "Etude," "Faust," etc.—all certified to be exactly as the masters wrote them. Ask for Century—Patronise the Century dealer. Century's low price is only possible because of his small profit. Complete catalogue of over 2300 compositions free on request.

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Century Music Publishing Co., 232 W. 40th St., N.Y.C.

**CENTURY
Certified
EDITION
SHEET MUSIC**



GENEVIEVE WILCOX

Dear Miss Waldo:

I was so glad to receive your letter as I was anxious for it to come. CHILD LIFE is getting nicer and nicer all the time. I know I never shall get tired of it. I am sending a poem and a photo of my brother and sister and me. I think the CHILD LIFE stationery is so pretty. I am putting the recipes in a nice big book. I am only writing a few lines to tell you I am going to send the poem.

Yours sincerely,
GENEVIEVE MARIE Y. WILCOX.

Educate Your Child at Home

No matter where you live, you can have every advantage of the famous Calvert School instruction of children from 4 to 12 years of age. Write for helpful literature to

CALVERT SCHOOL
Manager 231 W. 40th St., Baltimore, Md.



Epworth Military Academy

Epworth, Iowa

"The Only School of its Kind in Iowa and Nebraska"

Member of the North Central Association. West Point drill methods. Christian atmosphere. Campus of fifteen acres. Upper and Lower Schools. SUMMER SESSION June 15 to August 21. Boys from 6 to 18 years received. Apply at once for catalog to Colonel Frank Q. Brown, Ph. B., D. D., Pres.

GILFILLAN SCHOOL

Situated in the Historic Valley Forge Hills. Year round boarding school planned and conducted exclusively for little folks. The atmosphere is far removed from the institutional and the children live the joyous life of a big, well cared for family. Kindergarten and Elementary grades. Applications accepted the year round.

Mrs. Mary E. Gilfillan, Spring Lake, Pa.

Mrs. BURT'S SCHOOL

For Tiny Tots (1 to 12 years)

SPECIALIZED care for young children. Wide shaded lawns, swings, see-saws, sandpiles, etc. Supervised outdoor play among happy little companions. Sound education, music, dancing, thorough training. Experienced physician and nurse.

MRS. M. L. BURT
1120 Constant Avenue
Peekskill, New York
Telephone: Peekskill, 1139

GIRLS! GIRLS! GIRLS!

Join the LITTLE MOTHER'S ART EMBROIDERY CLUB

Send for further information, and membership application blanks

TRENG MANUFACTURING CO., Inc.
127 Fulton Ave. Dept. C Astoria, L. I., N. Y.

Play At Once This Banjo Ukulele!

Beautiful Professional Instrument

NOT A TOY—WORTH \$7.00

Buy Direct from Manufacturers

FREE

Ukulele Pick and Instructions, play in one hour any tune. The most simple instrument. Strum all the latest hits. Great fun. Pay postman \$2.98 plus postage.

SPECIAL \$2.98

NEWARK UKULELE HOUSE
588 Springfield Ave. Dept. C-L Newark, N. J.

BULBS

Hyacinths, extra large, per doz. - - \$2.50
Darwin Tulips, choice mixed, per doz. - .75

Write for Free Catalog

HOLLAND AMERICAN SEED CO.
Grand Rapids Michigan

BOYS & GIRLS Earn Xmas Money

Write for 50 Sets St. Nicholas Christmas Seals. Sell for 10c a set. When sold send us \$3.00 and keep \$2.00. We trust you until Christmas. NO WORK—JUST FUN.

St. Nicholas Seal Co.
Dept. 121-C.L. Brooklyn, N. Y.

Dear Miss Waldo:

I am a little English girl who came to America three years and two months ago. I am going to tell you about our voyage. We set sail on the fifth of August, 1922. It took seven days to get here. We came on a ship called "The Adriatic." While we were on board, we had an explosion. It blew off a part of the back end of the ship. It was caused by an electrician dropping a lighted match by a fireplug. While this was going on, an S. O. S. was sent to the nearest ship, which was two hundred fifty miles away. On account of our ship sending an S. O. S., it put it out of its way as it was going the opposite way. When it got near our ship, little help was needed. After we got started we were faced by a fog that delayed us several hours. After the fog was over, we got on to New York all right.

I am sending you a story I made myself. I just began to get CHILD LIFE and I think I will get it every month. Will some of your readers write to me?

PHYLLIS PICKUP,
3010 N. Sawyer Ave.,
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Miss Waldo:

I have been a very eager reader of your magazine. I can hardly wait for the new number each month. I have enjoyed the Tom Tripp stories very much, and hope that you publish more like them.

I live in Honolulu and was born here. My Mother's home was in San Francisco and my Daddy comes from Philadelphia, but we all love Honolulu. So many people think that the climate here is hot; they are mistaken, for it has never gone above 88 degrees. The evenings are always cool.

We do not live in the city, but on a beach called Kailua which is twelve miles from town. We drive through the Pali (pali means precipice) to get to town. My Daddy takes me up the wonderful drive which winds up and up the mountains and through the Pali and down again on the other side to the city. We take this drive every day to school. I go to Punahoa School, which is a private school and I'm in the Junior Academy (7th grade).



BARBARA E. WEBB

I have to get up early in the mornings and take a swim before breakfast, then another swim at four o'clock when I return from school. Our beach is wonderful. The sand is very white and as fine as flour. It is the finest beach on the Island.

I should love to have some readers of CHILD LIFE write to me and I should enjoy telling something of our wonderful Honolulu.

I have two pedigree wirehaired fox terriers and three dear kittens. They all play very nicely. Someday, I shall try to get a picture of them all together.

Your loving reader,

BARBARA E. WEBB,
P. O. Box 531,
Honolulu, T. H.

Age 11½.

After School or Play—Murine

AFTER school, Murine quickly relieves EYES strained by study or irritated by the chalk dust of the schoolroom.

After play, it soothes away the irritation caused by exposure to sun, wind and dust.

Thousands of careful mothers now use this long-trusted lotion to keep little EYES always clear, bright and healthy.

Write Murine Company, Dept. 90, Chicago, for free book on eye care.

MURINE
FOR YOUR
EYES

BABY'S TREASURED GIFT

Non-Tarnishing Pewter Ringer

No Chemical Action
From Food

Ideal for
Children
Enclose \$3.00
Engraving 5c a Letter
Extra

THE CELLINI SHOP
1730 Orrington
Evanston, Ill.

Buddy Book

FREE!

We want to send every CHILD LIFE reader a copy of our Buddy Book for boys and girls. The story is beautifully illustrated in color.

PARENTS Do you know that for a penny a day each, you can now insure every member of your family between the ages of 10 and 70?

Every policy provides \$20.00 a week for 13 weeks if injured, \$5000.00 for loss of limb or eyes by the wrecking or disablement of a railroad, street, elevated or underground railway, or passenger steamship or steamboat.

\$20 a week if injured and \$2000.00 for loss of life, limb, eyes by the wrecking or disablement of private automobile, taxicab, public omnibus, horse-drawn vehicle or motorcycle.

You also receive many other benefits. The coupon below will bring you all the facts about this new low cost, insurance service, etc.

Mail Coupon To-day

Great Northern Casualty Co.,
20 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

Send Buddy Book

Also, facts on your new policies for all the family at a penny a day each.

Name

Street

City

State

No. Members in Family

Dear Miss Waldo:

I haven't written a letter for so long that I've kind of forgotten what it's like and of course you are one of the persons that is let out of my correspondence at least until now. But anyway, I like to receive letters and I wish you'd ask your members to write to me and I will answer them.

I am enclosing a poem I wrote. That picture was taken in Chitina where people get off the Copper River Northwestern Railway to go over the Richardson trail to Fairbanks. In Cordova the snow is sometimes seven to nine feet deep. In most places it is not as high as that. As Cordova is on the coast, it is famous in Alaska for its abundance of rain. I hope that sometime you will be able to come up to Alaska, so that when you return to Chicago you can give more joy by writing about the "Wonderland of the North." Fairbanks means the "Golden Heart of Alaska."

Lovingly yours,

BETTY BOYER.
Cordova, Alaska

Dear CHILD LIFE:

I have been in Italy, Switzerland and France, since coming to Europe last March. I expect to visit England before we return to America.

I should like to visit Egypt and Greece some day, to see the pyramids, the Sphinx and the Valley of the Kings in Egypt, and the ruins of the Acropolis at Athens in Greece. In the far East, I should like to go to India and Japan to see how differently the people live there.

Yours truly,

JEANETTE LONG,
Paris, France.

Age 8.



ROBERT M. WHITE

Dear Miss Waldo:

I have been wanting to tell you for a long time how much I like to read your magazine. I live way off in China, where I do not go to school in an American School, or see many American children, but I study a correspondence course at home. I was born in China, but I am an American just the same. I live in a city whose walls were built when Babylon was flourishing. We ride in rickshaws and on little donkeys with bells. I am sending you a picture of my deer.

We ride also in boats, because Soochow, our city, has so many canals. It is called the "Venice of China." There is a high wall around the city, like most cities in China. We live outside the wall, and my little friends live inside, so we go in the city to see them once a week, and they come to see us once a week.

Your reader,

ROBERT M. WHITE,
Soochow, China.

Age 9.

Dear Miss Waldo:

I would like very much to become a member of the Joy Givers' Club. Will you please send me a membership card? I have taken CHILD LIFE for over a year and like it very well. I am sending you a picture of our Belgium Police Dog, Brave Heart, and myself. We call her "Brave" for short. When the picture was taken she was only a puppy seven weeks old. Her ears were not up. Her ears are up now as she is a year and three months. I have taught her to pull me on the sleigh like a little horse. We go on errands for Mother. I have not been home long now, as I spent part of the winter in Buffalo with my Aunt and Grandmother. The



ELIZABETH POWELL

typewriter I am using is one Daddy gave me for my birthday. I would like it if some of the girls or boys would write me, as I enjoy letters very much. I am eleven and in grade seven at school.

Sincerely

ELIZABETH POWELL,
9938-114 Street,
Edmonton, Alta., Can.

Age 11



J. TOMMY PAYNE

A LITTLE CAMEL'S STORY

I am a chotur. I was born in Kashan. Now my mother and I are travelling to Resht. We are getting near the wet part of it. Mother and I always take a big skid when an auto goes by. The mud is awfully sloshy. My paws do not like it. My paws are not used to mud. They like the sand best. Mother has to carry big cans of oil. But I do not have to, because I am a baby. At night we stop at a caravansary. Mother lies down, but I want to run and skip about. When I want some milk, I want Mother to stop, so I can drink, but she cannot because she is tied in a train of camels.

J. TOMMY PAYNE,
American Mission,
Teheran, Persia.

Age 7.

Dear Miss Waldo:

I like very much CHILD LIFE. I have it for two years. I would like to join the Joy Givers' Club and to get the member's club card. I live in Switzerland and would be so glad to get letters from other little girls, so kindly put me on the list. I am sending you a story I composed myself.

Your little friend,

ALICE SPAULDING.

THE PRESENT

Once there was a boy called Henry who had rich parents. His mother gave him ten dollars, so he went into a book shop. He wanted to buy a story book that cost ten dollars.

When in the shop he saw a poor boy standing outside looking at the lovely books and longing for one.

"Mother," said he, "I would like better to buy a book for five dollars and with the rest give the poor boy one."

His mother gladly assented, so he called the boy and told him to choose a story book.

Imagine his joy!

Henry went home, delighted to have done a kind action. His Mummy was very pleased to see that her boy had a kind feeling for the poor.

ALICE O. SPAULDING,
Champ-Soleil, Chailly sur Lausanne,
Switzerland.



REED ELIZABETH SCHRAPS

Dear CHILD LIFE:

My father gave you to me for a present. I enjoy your stories very much. I am ten years old and live in far away Ecuador. I have a big white horse. His name is Bud. I go for rides on him every day. I have a little sister. She is six years old. She has a little brown horse, too. She likes you very much. She likes the story about Tom Tripp, best of all the stories.

I would like very much if you would publish my letter. I would like to have some little girl write to me, too.

I saw a picture of two of my little friends in CHILD LIFE, so I thought I would send a picture of myself and my horse.

Much love from,

REED ELIZABETH SCHRAPS,
Box 655.

Age 10. Guayaquil, Ecuador, So. America

Dear CHILD LIFE:

I've been traveling around the world to many queer places. CHILD LIFE keeps me from being homesick.

GASTON PIEYRRE,
Paris, France

Age 9.

